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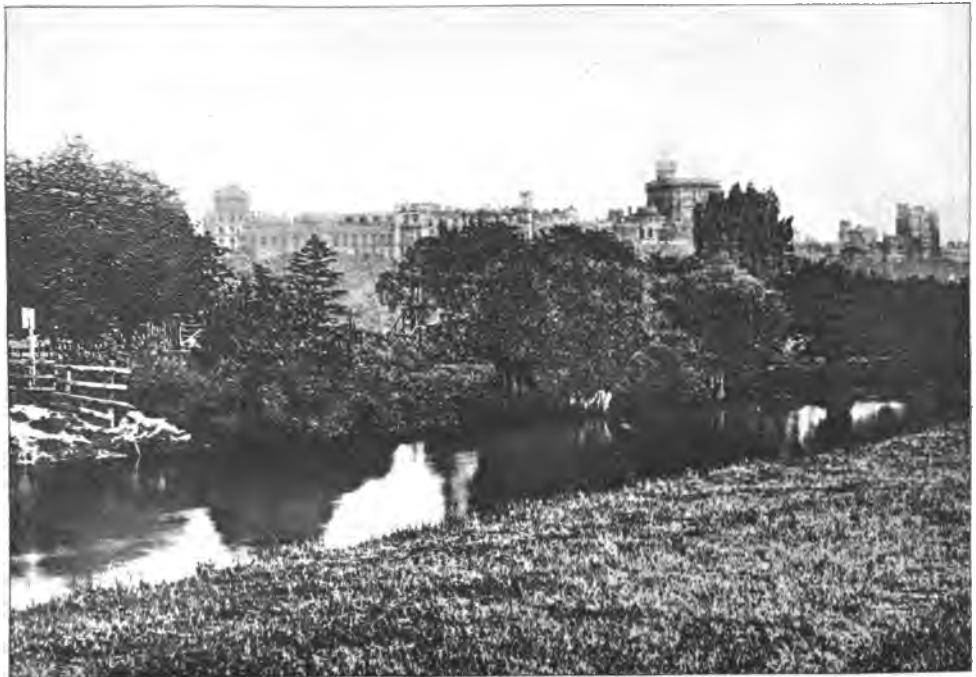

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The Works of

Iliam Shakespeare

Merry Wives of Windsor

WINDSOR CASTLE

"Search Windsor Castle, dives, within and without
Strew good luck, ouches on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it."

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WINDSOR CASTLE

"Such Windsor Castle, such a night as this!
Such moon, such trees, such flowers, such murmuring brook,
Such everything to make a perfect lover!
That it may stand when I no more have breath
In store a wholesome air in it! Fie, fie!
Worthy the owner and the time with it."

W. S. MERRY MA OXON & WINDSOR

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The Works of

Uliam Shakespeare

Volume XV

Merry Wives of Windsor
Henry V

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THE
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Preface.

The Editions. The earliest known edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a Quarto printed in 1602 with the following title-page:—

"A most pleasuant and excellent conceited Comedie, of Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humours of Sir *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow,* and his wise Cousin M. *Slender.* With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll,* and Corporall *Nym.* By *William Shakespeare.* As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines Seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Churchyard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne" (reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*; a facsimile is included in Dr. Furnival's Shakespeare Quartos, Quaritch). A second Quarto, a mere reprint of the first, appeared in 1619.

In the first Folio the play occupies pp. 39-60; its length there is more than double that of the Quartos, from which it differs to such an extent as to give the impression of being a revised and expanded version of a mere garbled and pirated sketch.

Date of Composition. The first Quarto was entered in the Stationers' Registers under date 18th Jan. 1602;

the play was probably written after *Henry V.*, *i.e.* after the middle of the year 1599. In the epilogue to *2 Henry IV.* a promise had been given to continue the story with Sir John in it; this promise was not kept in *Henry V.*; and "The Merry Wives," according to a well authenticated tradition, was composed by command of the Queen, "who obliged Shakespeare to write a Play of Sir John Falstaff in Love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a fortnight: a prodigious thing when all is well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion" (Gildon, 1710; Dennis first mentions the tradition in 1702; *cp.* title-page of 1602 edition).

The date of the first composition of the play may with certainty be placed at about 1600 (probably Christmas, 1599).*

An old tradition identifies Justice Shallow with Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy (of the deer-poaching story); Lucy died in July, 1600, and it is held by some that the Poet would not have waited "till his butt was in the grave before he aimed his shafts at him." At the same time it is noteworthy that the "dozen white luces" is only found in the Folio, not in the Quarto editions. The question at issue, on which scholars are divided, is whether the Quarto represents a pirated edition of an early sketch of the play, revised and enlarged in the first Folio version, or whether both versions are to be referred back to the same original. In support of the former theory it is alleged that the substitution of "King" in the Folio (I. i. 112) for "council" of the Quarto, the possible reference to the cheapening of knighthood ("These knights will hack," II. i. 52), and similar internal evidence, point to the reign of James I.; these scholars there-

* Shakespeare acted in *Every Man in His Humour* in 1598, and the two plays have much in common (*cp. e.g.* Ford and Kitely; Nym's reiteration of 'humour,' etc.).

In the *Return from Parnassus*, acted at Cambridge, probably Christmas, 1601, the French Doctor is obviously an imitation of Dr. Caius.

fore date the Folio version about 1605. On the other hand, Mr. Daniel (Introduction to his editions) maintains that "the character of the publishers of the Quarto, its proved omissions, its recomposed passages (*i.e.* passages actually the work, not of Shakespeare, but of the note-taker), its retention of (essential) passages omitted in the Folio, the complication in both of the time-plot . . . lead almost inevitably to the conclusion that there was but one original for both Quarto and Folio." He points out further that the alleged internal evidence of later revision is of little real value, but it is somewhat difficult to get rid of these minutiæ, and some slight revision after 1603 is not inconsistent with this latter theory.

The Sources. This comedy of contemporary manners probably owed very little to older plays or novels, but it contains incidents not uncommon in Italian and other stories. In the following tales a suspicious husband is baffled much in the same way as Master Ford:—(1) The tale from *Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino*; (2) The old English version of this story in *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers,* 1632, reprinted in 1685; (3) The Tale in *Straparola* similar to that in *Il Pecorone*; (4) The Tales of the Two Lovers of Pisa, from Tarlton's *Newes out of Pergatorie,* 1590; (5) The second tale from *Straparola,* in which the youth makes love to three ladies at once (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part I. vol. iii.).

Herne. It would seem that there existed in Shakespeare's day a tradition at Windsor that Herne was one of the keepers of the Park, who, having committed an offence for which he feared to be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever afterwards haunted by his ghost.

The difference between the Quarto and Folio reference to the story is noteworthy; the former reads:—

"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed . . ."

The Folio makes the tale a more ancient one (*cp.* IV. iv. 36-38).

The earliest notice of "Herne's oak" is in a "Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor and Little Park" (Eton, 1742); in a map a tree marked "Sir John Falstaff's oak" is represented as being on the edge of a pit just on the outside of an avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk. Halliwell first printed, in his edition of the Quarto, a set of verses "Upon Herne's Oak being cut down in the spring of 1796." Antiquarian research has demonstrated the exactness of Shakespeare's knowledge of Old Windsor (*cp.* Tighe and Davis' *Annals of Windsor,* Vol. i. pp. 673-686).

Duration of Action. As the play stands in the Quartos and Folios it is impossible to arrange the time consistently, owing to the confusion as regards Falstaff's interviews with the Merry Wives in Act III. Scene v.; the errors are probably due to compression of the play for stage purposes. The first part of the scene, according to Mr. Daniel (*Transactions of New Shakespeare Society,* 1878-9), is inseparably connected with the day of Falstaff's first interview with Mrs Ford; the second part is as inseparably connected with the day of the second interview. The first part clearly shows us Falstaff in the afternoon, just escaped from his ducking in the Thames; the second part as clearly shows him in the early morning about to keep his second appointment with Mrs Ford. He proposes to make Ford's portion of the scene commence the 4th Act, changing *good morrow* into *good even* (Act III. v. 28) and *this morning* into *to-morrow morning* (Act III. v. 46). According to this arrangement the following time analysis would result:—Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. to iv.; Day 2, Act II. Sc. i. to iii., Act III. Sc. i. to iv., and the Quickly portion of Sc. v.; Day 3, the Ford portion of Act III. Sc. v. to the end of the play.

If this suggestion is carried out, a further change is

necessary in Act V. i. 14, where *this morning* should be read in place of *yesterday.*

Time of Action. Though the play was in all probability composed after *Henry V.*, the action may be supposed to take place after the events recorded at the end of *2 Henry IV.*; the further degradation of the character of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives* belongs to the early years of "the madcap prince's" reign, when he had already renounced "the tutor and the feeder of his riot." The characters intimately associated with Falstaff were transferred with him from *2 Henry IV.*, with the exception of 'Nym,' who appears for the first time in *Henry V.*; Shallow's 'cousin,' Slender, of *The Merry Wives,* takes the place of 'Silence' of *2 Henry IV.*; Mrs Quickly is identical only in name with the Hostess Quickly of 1, *2 Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*

Windsor in 1607, showing Garter Inn.
From Norden's bird's eye view of Windsor (1607)

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Sir John Falstaff has forsaken the warlike pursuits familiar to his friend Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V. of England, and is now devoted to the peaceful occupations of poaching and love-making, though not neglecting the drinking-cups of the tavern. Two women of Windsor, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, engage his attention at the same time; and he resolves to lay siege to their affections, notwithstanding both are married.

Mistress Page's daughter Anne is sought in marriage by Slender—largely through his friends; by Hugh Evans, a Welsh curate and schoolmaster; by Dr. Caius, a French physician; and by Fenton, a courtier.

II. Mistress Page and Mistress Ford each receive a love-letter from Falstaff, and upon comparing their missives they find them almost identical. Being women of wit as well as of virtue, they agree to work together towards humiliating the knight for his presumption. Mistress Ford makes an appointment with him. His servants inform the husbands of the two women. Ford, under an assumed name, meets Falstaff and, pretending to be a suitor also for Mistress Ford, worms from the boastful Falstaff the secret of his appointment with her.

III. Falstaff is punctual to his meeting with Mistress Ford. But before he arrives, she and Mistress Page prepare a large basket of soiled linen in which Falstaff is to be conveyed to the river, under the pretense that this is the only way he can escape from the house. The pre-

tense turns to reality when Ford actually arrives. And the ruse of the clothes-basket deceives both gallant and husband. Falstaff is dumped into the Thames, whence he emerges much bedraggled, but with ardor so slightly quenched as to become enkindled again upon receipt of a message from Mistress Ford granting him a second interview. Nor has he gained discretion from his first mishap, for he unwittingly informs Ford of this rendezvous also, and of the means whereby he escaped his former predicament. The thoroughly aroused husband redoubles his vigilance.

IV. Falstaff keeps his second appointment with Mistress Ford. Her husband again surprises them. The clothes-basket is sent down as before; and while Ford is ransacking it under the firm belief that it again conceals Falstaff, the latter is dressed in woman's clothes and escapes thus disguised, though not avoiding sundry blows from the irate husband. Mistress Ford and Mistress Page then tell their husbands the truth about the Falstaff episodes. The men are delighted to find their wives faithful, and the four conjointly arrange a third and final hoax which contemplates a night meeting in Windsor Park.

Meanwhile Anne Page's love-affairs are becoming tangled. She loves Fenton. Her father has chosen Slender. Her mother privately favors Dr. Caius. When the third prank on Falstaff is prepared, Anne and her parents make conflicting plans to utilize the meeting for bringing their separate matrimonial schemes to a head.

V. Falstaff is persuaded to go to Windsor Park, wearing a buck's head. Anne Page and her friends impersonate fairies and burn him with tapers. Ford, Page, and their wives reveal themselves to him, reproach him for his attempted villainy, and finally pardon him. The wretched Falstaff finds his only satisfaction in hearing that Anne Page has married Fenton, despite the counter-schemes of her father and mother.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Request of Queen Elizabeth.

Old Queen Bess can scarcely have been a great judge of art, or she would not have conceived the extravagant notion of wanting to see Falstaff in love; she would have understood that if there was anything impossible to him it was this. She would also have realized that his figure was already a rounded whole and could not be reproduced. It is true that in the Epilogue to *Henry IV.* (which, however, is probably not by Shakespeare) a continuation of the history is promised, in which, " for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions;" but no such continuation is to be found in *Henry V.*, evidently because Shakespeare felt that Falstaff had played out his part. Neither is *The Merry Wives* the promised continuation, for Falstaff does not die, and the action is conceived as an earlier episode in his life, though it is entirely removed from its historical setting and brought forward into the Poet's own time, so unequivocally that there is even in the fifth Act a direct mention of " our radiant queen " in Windsor Castle.

The Poet must have set himself unwillingly to the fulfilment of the " radiant queen's " barbarous wish, and tried to make the best of a bad business. He was compelled entirely to ruin his inimitable Falstaff, and degrade the fat knight into an ordinary avaricious, wine-bibbing, amatory old fool. Along with him, he resuscitated the whole merry company from *Henry V.*, who had all come to an unpleasant end—Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, and Dame Quickly—making the men repeat themselves with a difference, endowing Pistol with the splendid phrase " The world 's mine oyster, which I with sword will open," and giving to Dame Quickly softened and more commonplace lineaments. From the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, too, he introduces Justice Shallow, placing him in a less

friendly relation to Falstaff, and giving him a highly comic nephew, Slender, who, in his vanity and pitifulness, is like a first sketch for Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night.*

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Delineation of the Play.

The principal action of this comedy—the adventures of Falstaff with the Merry Wives—sweeps on with a rapidity of movement which hurries us forward to the dénouement as irresistibly as if the actors were under the influence of that destiny which belongs to the empire of tragedy. No reverses, no disgraces, can save Falstaff from his final humiliation. The net is around him, but he does not see the meshes; he fancies himself the deceiver, but he is the deceived. He will stare Ford "out of his wits," he will "awe him with his cudgel," yet he lives "to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames." But his confidence is undaunted: "I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into the Thames, ere I will leave her"; yet "since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately." Lastly, he will rush upon a third adventure: "This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd numbers"; yet his good luck ends in "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass." The real jealousy of Ford most skilfully helps on the merry devices of his wife; and with equal skill does the Poet make him throw away his jealousy, and assist in the last plot against the "unclean knight." The misadventures of Falstaff are most agreeably varied. The disguise of the old woman of Brentford puts him altogether in a different situation from his suffocation in the buck basket; and the fairy machinery of Herne's Oak car-

ries the catastrophe out of the region of comedy into that of romance.

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound"; and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pribbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow, with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbours "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper; he is not solicitous whether Falstaff sit "at ten pounds a week" or at two; he readily takes "the withered serving man for a fresh tapster"; his confidence in his own cleverness is delicious—"am I politic, am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?"—the Germans "shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them." When he loses his horses, and his "mind is heavy," we rejoice that Fenton will give him "a hundred pound in gold" more than his loss. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor and the honest Welsh parson are productive of the happiest situations.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

IV.

Falstaff Out of His Sphere.

The truth is, Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere; and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place: nor does it seem probable that the Poet would have exhibited him thus, but that he were moved thereto by somewhat else than the native promptings of his genius. For of love in any right or respectable sense Sir John is essentially incapable; and to represent him otherwise, had been to contradict, not carry out, his character. Shakespeare doubtless understood this; and, being thus reduced to the alternative of committing a gross breach of decorum or of making the hero unsuccessful, the moral sanity of his genius left him no choice. Accordingly Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practises as for what is practised upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by that he suffers than by that he does. So that the internal evidence of the play strongly favours the tradition of the Queen's requesting to see Falstaff in love; as such request affords the only clear solution of the Poet's representing one who was plainly a favourite with him in so unsuitable a quality. For, if we may believe Hazlitt, "wits and philosophers seldom shine in that character"; and, whether this be true or not, it is certain that "Sir John by no means comes off with flying colours."

But Falstaff, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is still so far himself that "naught but himself can be his conqueror." If he be overmatched, it is not so much by the strength or skill of his antagonists, as from his being persuaded, seemingly against his will and for the pleasure of others, into a line of adventure where he is not qualified to thrive. His incomparable art of turning adversities into commodities; the good-humoured strategy

whereby he manages to divert off all unpleasant feeling of his vices and frailties; the marvellous agility and aptness of which, with a vesture of odd and whimsical constructions, at once hides the offensive and discovers the comical features of his conduct; the same towering impudence and sublime effrontery, which so lift him aloft in his subsequent exploits; and the overpowering eloquence of exaggeration, with which he delights to set off and heighten whatsoever is most ludicrous in his own person or situation;—all these qualities, though not in their full bloom and vigour, are here to be seen in triumphant exercise.

Upon the whole, however, this bringing forth of Sir John more for exposure than for exhibition is not altogether grateful to those whom he has so often convulsed into health: though he still gives us wholesome shakings, we feel that it costs him too much: the rare exhilaration he affords us elsewhere, and even here, invests him with a sort of humorous reverence; insomuch that we can hardly help pitying while we approve his merited, yet scarcely merited, shames and failures; and we would fain make out some excuse for him on the score of these slips' occurring earlier in his life, when experience had not yet disciplined away the natural vanity which may sometimes lead a man of genius to fancy himself the object of the tender passion. And in like manner we are apt to apologize for the Poet's exposure of his and our favourite, on the ground that, being to represent him in an enterprise where he could not deserve success, nor even work for it but by knavery, he was under a strong moral necessity of causing him not only to be thwarted, but to become the laughing-stock of those who thwart him, and, which is especially galling to one so wit-proud as Sir John, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." And we are the more disposed to leniency towards Falstaff amid his unparalleled swampings, forasmuch as his merry persecutors are but a sort of decorous, respectable, commonplace people, who borrow their chief

importance from the victim of their mischievous sport; and if they are not so bad as to make us wish him success, neither are they so good that we like to see them grow at his expense.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Analysis of Falstaff's Character.

Two features strike us at a glance as being clear and prominent in Falstaff's character; on the one hand, his great wealth of wit, his inexhaustible store of happy devices, plots and pranks, and the indestructibility of his good humour; on the other hand, his equally great amount of sensuality, love of pleasure, and excessive carnal lusts. The *point de vue* of his life, and the centre upon which all his aims and actions turn, is, that his wit, his inventive talents, and his shrewdness shall in all cases furnish him with the means of gratifying his sensual desires, and protect him in case of need. Enjoyments of every description he must have; and it is only a good joke, a successful piece of mischief—to him the greatest of all enjoyments—that he thinks even more attractive than a glass of sack and the charms of Dolly Tear-sheet. Falstaff is the most consummate epicurean, in the form of a knight of Shakspeare's day but—owing to a halo of ingenious and irresistible wit, and an ideal mental freedom, which humorously disregard all difficulties, and even the whole seriousness of life—an epicurean who appears to a certain extent spiritualised, sublimated into a sort of poetical ideal, which raises him far above the usual run of common rakes, and prevents moral indignation from casting its judgement upon him. Falstaff does not possess any great passions, because to gratify them would cost him too much trouble, and afford an indeed great,

but after all only a passing enjoyment. He has also nothing in common with actual wickedness and gross crimes and vices, because the former undermine their own enjoyment, and also because they are inseparably connected with hate; moreover, great crimes are accomplished only with trouble and exertion, and are always followed by a dread of punishment; gross vices, lastly, necessarily blunt and deaden the sense of enjoyment. Neither is he at all jealous or envious—for envy is its own tormentor—he is more inclined to be glad to see others enjoying themselves, and even helps his boon companions in attaining their desires, as long as these do not cause himself any inconvenience or annoyance. But as regards the lesser sins, such as bragging, lying and deceiving, he is not over-particular, and has even no great objections to a little thieving, when it can be done easily, and especially when connected with some good joke. He trusts to his wit to save him from any unpleasant consequences of such *bagatelles*; such things he considers natural and unavoidable because he cannot find any enjoyment or procure the means of any enjoyment without them. If this were possible he would rather not be guilty of a single transgression, except as a joke, and even though not altogether good and virtuous, still he would like—without a struggle, however—to be upright and honest. It is true he likes virtue even less than vice, because it demands a greater amount of energy, and, worst of all, self-denial and self-control. He does not believe in virtue; he thinks it a delusive piece of sophistry, a mere illusion to suppose that any one should give up enjoyment and pleasure against the instincts of nature, in order to obtain so-called true happiness. To him, therefore, virtue, like honour, is a mere 'word,' a thing that no one possesses, that has 'no skill in surgery,' but at most is an honour to the dead who are insensible to it; hence a mere 'scutcheon,' so 'he 'll none of it.' And yet, at the same time, he knows very well that he must appear to possess certain virtues such as bravery, honesty, and

above all things honour and authority; for without the appearance of these he would find it impossible to live.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VI.

Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

A certain tendency to tameness in the husbands is corrected by the briskness of the merry wives, who engross a large proportion of what cleverness falls in distribution. Still it is remarkable in a play where the distinctions of character are so sharply marked, that there is little hint of any subjective difference between the pair; and this drawback on their originality, keeps them in harmony with their sober environments. We can scarcely think of them otherwise than as dressed exactly alike, and Falstaff had some excuse for thinking that a love-letter that would suit one scarcely required variation for the other.

The Windsor wives are merry, and at times free spoken enough, but this is only when they "laugh alone," for the audience counts for nothing, and that some liberality in phrase is no impeachment of their honesty is the very point that protects them from the dulness of demure propriety, which would so easily lose them the sympathy of a theatrical audience, which has little tolerance for the most respectable virtue when it ignores the humanity of liveliness and animal spirits. And this is the very moral that the sober-sided Ford, who could so little understand his wife's love of her lively neighbour's company, or the feminine necessity for change of scene and lively diversion, has to learn for his own advantage, and the advantage and amusement of lookers on.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Ford and Page.

That jealous-pate, Ford, ought to have been sure of his wife's integrity and goodness, from her being so transparent-charactered and cheerful; for your insincere and double-dealing people are sure to betray, some time or other, the drag that dishonesty claps upon the wheel of their conduct. The career of a deceitful person is never uniform. In the sequel, however, Ford does make a handsome atonement—that of a frank apology to the party whom he had abused by his suspicions; and he winds up the play with the rest, not the least happy of the group from having an enfranchised heart. He says well:

> "Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.
> I rather will suspect the sun with cold
> Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
> In him that was of late a heretic,
> As firm as faith." . . . .

Then, there is Page, the very personification of hearty English hospitality. You feel the tight grasp of his hand, and see the honest sparkle of his eye, as he leads in the wranglers with, "Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness." If I were required to point to the portrait of a genuine, indigenous Englishman, throughout the whole of the works of Shakespeare, Page would be the man. Every thought of his heart, every motion of his body, appears to be the result of pure instinct; he has nothing exotic or artificial about him. He possesses strong yeoman sense, an unmistakable speech, a trusting nature, and a fearless deportment; and these are the characteristics of a true Englishman. He is to be gulled —no man more so; and he is gulled every day in the year—no proof, you will say, of his "strong yeoman sense"; but an Englishman is quite as frequently gulled

with his eyes open as when they are hoodwinked. He has a conceit in being indifferent to chicanery. He confides in his own strength when it behooves him to exert it; and then he abates the nuisance.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

VIII.

Slender.

After Falstaff there is not a greater piece of work in the play than Master Abraham Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow Esquire,—a dainty sprout, or rather sapling, of provincial gentry, who, once seen, is never to be forgotten. In his consequential verdancy, his aristocratic official boobyism, and his lean-witted, lack-brain originality, this pithless hereditary squireling is altogether inimitable, whose manners and character must needs be all from within, because he lacks force of nature enough to shape or dress himself by any model. Mr. Hallam, whose judgement in such things is not often at fault, thinks Slender was intended as "a satire on the brilliant youth of the provinces," such as they were "before the introduction of newspapers and turnpike roads; awkward and boobyish among civil people, but at home in rude sports, and proud of exploits at which the town would laugh, yet perhaps with more courage and good-nature than the laughers."

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Mistress Quickly.

Although a "subordinate character," how very important a person in this play is Mistress Quickly, the housekeeper to Doctor Caius; or, as Sir Hugh designates her,

" his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, or his wringer!" What a perfect specimen she is of a fussy, busy-bodying old woman! "That foolish carrion, Mrs. Quickly," as Mrs. Page calls her; making herself necessary to all, by reason of her fussiness; and conspicuous, by reason of her folly. A large family —the race of the Quicklies! Our Mrs. Quickly, the type of the whole breed, meddles and "trepots" in every one's affairs: with the seriousness and sincere dealing of a diplomatist, she acts the go-between for Falstaff with the two merry wives; she courts Anne Page for her master, undertaking the same office for Slender. She favours the suit of Fenton; and if the Welsh parson had turned an eye of favour upon the yeoman's pretty daughter, she would have played the hymeneal Hebe to him too. Her whole character for mere busy-bodying, and not from any active kindness of heart—for they who are sweet to all alike have no principle worth a button—her whole character is comprised in that one little speech in the 4th scene of the 3d act, when Fenton gives her the ring for his "sweet Nan." After he has gone out, she says:

"Now heaven send thee good fortune! [She would have uttered the same benediction for Slender.] A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three: for so I have promised, and I will be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton."

He was the last applicant to, and had paid her.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

X.

"Sweet Anne Page."

Anne Page is but an average specimen of discreet, placid, innocent mediocrity, yet with a mind of her own,

in whom we can feel no such interest as a rich father causes to be felt by those about her. In her and Fenton a slight dash of romance is given to the play; their love forming a barely audible undertone of poetry in the grand chorus of comicalities, as if on purpose that while the sides are shaken the heart may not be left altogether untouched.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

We do not wish Anne Page to have been married to Slender, but in their poetical alliance they are inseparable. . . . With regard to the under-plot of Fenton and Anne Page—the scheme of Page to marry her to Slender—the counter-plot of her mother, "firm for Doctor Caius"—and the management of the lovers to obtain a triumph out of the devices against them—it may be sufficient to point out how skilfully it is interwoven with the Herne's Oak adventure of Falstaff. Though Slender "went to her in white, and cried mum, and she cried budget, . . . yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy"; though Caius did "take her in green," he "ha' married *un garçon*, a boy, *un paisan*"; but Anne and Fenton—

"long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve *them*."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, *a gentleman.*
SHALLOW, *a country justice.*
SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow.*
FORD, PAGE, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Page.*
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh parson.*
DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } *sharpers attending on Falstaff.*
ROBIN, *page to Falstaff.*
SIMPLE, *servant to Slender.*
RUGBY, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, *her daughter.*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE: *Windsor and the neighbourhood.*

THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'

Slen. Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.'

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old

coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py 'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds

of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who 's there?

Enter Page.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king?

hal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

al. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

hal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

al. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answered.

hal. The council shall know this.

al. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

vans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

al. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

len. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

ard. You Banbury cheese!

len. Ay, it is no matter.

ist. How now, Mephostophilus!

len. Ay, it is no matter.

ym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humour.

len. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

vans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

age. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

vans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.
Word of denial in thy labras here!
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to

Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely': his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence: three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have

ANN PAGE AND SLENDER.

Page. "Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you."

Slen. "I'll eat nothing. I thank you. sir."

taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter;

for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I 'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Doctor Caius's house.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I 'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender 's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[*Singing*] And down, down, adown-a, etc.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert,—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!
Rug. Here, sir!
Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.
Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.
Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai-j'oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.
Quick. Ay me, he 'll find the young man there, and be mad!
Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier!
Quick. Good master, be content.
Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?
Quick. The young man is an honest man.
Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.
Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.
Caius. Vell.
Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—
Quick. Peace, I pray you.
Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.
Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.
Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. [*Aside to Quickly*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that 's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure

our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who 's within there? ho!

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

'ent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

)uick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

'ent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

)uick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

'ent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

)uick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs Page. What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he

admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight.—JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs Ford. Mrs Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised woman's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked

fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs Ford. ' Boarding,' call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him: let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, with Pistol, and Page, with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. 'The humour of it,' quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it:—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow;—well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs Page and Mrs Ford come forward.*

Mrs Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mrs Page?

Mrs Page. Have with you. You 'll come to dinner, George? [*Aside to Mrs Ford*] Look who

comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs Ford. [*Aside to Mrs Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, and Mrs Quickly.*

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be

loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They converse apart.*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

Ford. None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry night. Will you go, min-heers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what; 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng!—To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will

ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I 'll be sworn;
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature.—Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man.

Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me!

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights:
Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!
[*Exit.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below

would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter Bardolph with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless

experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!— Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,

well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A field near Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

ug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

aius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

ug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

aius. Villainy, take your rapier.

ug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

ost. Bless thee, bully doctor!

hal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

age. Now, good master doctor!

len. Give you good morrow, sir.

aius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

ost. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

aius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

ost. Thou art a Castalion, King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

aius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

hal. He is the wiser man, master doctor; he is a

curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Mounseur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way: old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork.—
Pless my soul!— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon—

And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, &c.

Re-enter Simple.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Evans. He 's welcome.— [*Sings.*
To shallow rivers, to whose falls—
Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.
Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.
Slen. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!
Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!
Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!
Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?
Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!
Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.
Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.
Evans. Fery well: what is it?
Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person,

is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John Ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I 'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you 'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than

simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly!—is the buckbasket—

Mrs Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and

Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs Page. You will do it?

Mrs Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

Mrs Page. Thou 'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I 'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

Mrs Ford. Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. 'Have I caught' thee, 'my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I 'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance:

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthornbuds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here 's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs Ford. Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What 's the matter? how now!

Mrs Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You 're sham'd, you 're overthrown, you 're undone for ever!

Mrs Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs Ford. Why, alas, what 's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather': your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be

of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or,—it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [*Coming forward*] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't!—I 'll in, I 'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I 'll in.

Mrs Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee.—Help me away.—Let me creep in here.—I 'll never—

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit Robin.*

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly.—Where 's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they

Fal. "I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never——"

Merry Wives of Windsor. Act 3, Scene 3.

bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Ay buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I 'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I 'll warrant we 'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs Ford. I think my husband hath some special

suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page. We will do it: let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs Page. [*Aside to Mrs Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.
Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.
Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.
Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife; come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily pardon me.
Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?
Ford. Any thing.
Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.
Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.
Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.
Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.
Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!
Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy feather's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither!

[*They converse apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I 'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne, —

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! od's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.—Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton. Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton.
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.
[*Exeunt Mrs Page and Anne.*

Quick. This is my doing now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton': this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph with sack.

Bard. Here 's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter Mrs Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?
Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!
Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.
Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.
Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.
Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.
Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.
Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.
Quick. I will tell her.
Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?
Quick. Eight and nine, sir.
Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.
Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit*
Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. —O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, —a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my

sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me,—I 'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs Page. I 'll be with her by and by; I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, ' Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is 'lapis,' William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis': I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William.

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum': —fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quæs,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.* Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs Page. [*Within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs Page. Indeed!

Mrs Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs Ford. Why?

Mrs Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness,

civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a dead man. What a woman are you! —Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I 'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs Ford. He will see there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I 'll go out, then.

Mrs Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs Page. On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is: and there 's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs Page. Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs Ford. I 'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I 'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.
We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eats all the draff.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set

down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket!—O you pandarly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress Ford.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah! [*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this

basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman 's that?

Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is beyond our element: we know

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nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband!—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat her. [*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let 's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Ford. "I'll prat her.—(Beating him) Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! Out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you."

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act 4, Scene 2.

Mrs Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs Ford. I 'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I 'll call them to you.
Host. They shall have my horses; but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.
Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?
Mrs Page. Within a quarter of an hour.
Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.
Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in

the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come:
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we 'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside*] And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook:
He 'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he 'll come.

Mrs Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.
Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.
[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*
Mrs Page. Go, Mistress Ford.
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs Ford.*
I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

Scene V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.
Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.
Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.
Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up

into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she 'says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.
Host. Ay, come; quick.
Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.
Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.
Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.
Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.
Sim. What, sir?
Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.
Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?
Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.
Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*
Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?
Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!
Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.
Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.
Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain:

do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight. —I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! —I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bard.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fisher-

men's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time,
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I 'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I 'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain; and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs Quickly.*

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath

with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I 'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook. Follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget'? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius.

Mrs Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter, better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool

rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs Ford.
Mrs Page. } Away, away! [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that 's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as before; Pistol, as Hobgoblin; Mistress Quickly, Anne Page, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyës.
Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toyës.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die: 50
I 'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
Evans. Where 's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room; 60
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be, 70
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the Hunter serve your turn?

Mrs Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter'? Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

[rs Page. A puffed man?
age. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?
ord. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?
age. And as poor as Job?
ord. And as wicked as his wife?
vans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles!
al. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.
ord. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.
age. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.
[rs Page. [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

len. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page.
age. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?
len. Dispatched! I 'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un pay-san, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Mrs Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A-birding, bird-catching; III. iii. 232.

Abstract, inventory; IV. ii. 60.

Address, make ready; III. v. 133.

Admittance; "of Venetian ad." = "admitted from Venice"; III. iii. 58; "of great a." = admitted into the best company; II. ii. 230.

Adversary, used jestingly for "advocate" by the host; II. iii. 94.

Affecting, full of affectation; II. i. 145.

Aggravate his style, i.e. increase his title; II. ii. 291.

Aim, "to cry aim"; an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out "aim," hence to encourage, applaud; III. ii. 42.

All-hallowmas, November 1; *i.e.* about five weeks after Michaelmas; Simple blunders in putting it "a fortnight afore Michaelmas"; I. i. 203.

Allicholy, Mistress Quickley's corruption of melancholy; I. iv. 158.

Alligant, Mistress Quickly's error for "elegant"; II. ii. 69.

Allowed, approved; II. ii. 232.

Amaimon, name of a devil whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; II. ii. 305.

Amaze, confuse; V. v. 224.

Angel, a gold coin valued at ten shillings (used quibblingly); I. iii. 57, 61.

Anthropophaginian, cannibal; IV. v. 10.

Armigero; Slender's error for "armiger"; his knowledge of Latin is derived from attestations, *e.g.* "Coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero, etc."; I. i. 9.

Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. ii. 231.

Avised, advised, informed; "are you a. of that" = "have you found it out?" I. iv. 103.

Baille, deliver, bring (the Folios read "ballow"); I. iv. 90.

Banbury cheese, in allusion to Slender's thinness, B. cheese being proverbially thin; I. i. 127.

Barbason, name of a demon; II. ii. 305.

Bede, the name of a fairy; V. v. 52.

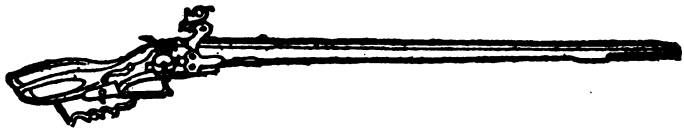
Bestow, stow away, lodge; IV. ii. 46.

Bilbo, v. *Latten bilbo.*

Birding-piece, a gun to shoot birds with; IV. ii. 56.

Breed-bate, one who stirs up "bate," or contention; I. iv. 12.

Brewage, drink brewed; III. v. 32.



Birding-piece.
From a specimen (*temp.* James I.) preserved at Goodrich Court.

Bloody fire, fire in the blood; V. v. 99.

Boitier, "a surgeon's case of oyntment" (the Quarto reads "my oyntment"); I. iv. 47.

Bold-beating, apparently = brow-beating; II. ii. 29.

Bolt, v. *Shaft.*

Book of Riddles, a popular book of the day, referred to as early as 1575; the earliest extant edition bears date 1629:—"*The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and Witty Proverbs to make pleasant pastime; no less useful than behovefull for any yong man or child to know if he be quick-witted or no*"; I. i. 201.

Book of Songs and Sonnets; Slender is perhaps alluding to "*Songs and Sonnets written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey and others*" (pub. 1557); I. i. 197.

Buck, used quibblingly with reference to the buck and its horns; III. iii. 160.

Buck-basket, a basket for clothes which were to be bucked or washed; III. iii. 2.

Bucking, washing; III. iii. 133.

Bucklersbury, Cheapside, where the druggists and grocers lived; III. iii. 74.

Buck-washing, laundry; III. iii. 158.

Bully-rook, dashing fellow; I. iii. 2.

Bully-stale; v. *Stale.*

Buttons; "'tis in his buttons" = 'tis within his compass; he will succeed; perhaps an allusion to the flower called "bachelor's buttons," by means of which the success of love was divined; III. ii. 68.

Cain-coloured beard; Cain was represented in old tapestries with a yellowish beard; I. iv. 23.

Canaries, probably Mistress Quickly's version of "quandary" (pronounced candary); II. ii. 61.

Canary, wine from the Canary Islands, sweet sack; III. ii. 86 [with a quibble on "canary" in the sense of a quick, lively dance; III. ii. 88].

Careires, the curvetting of a horse; "to passe a careire is but to runne with strength and courage such a convenient course as is meete for his ability"; I. i. 177.

Carrion, used as a term of contempt; III. iii. 195.

Carves, makes a sign of favour; I. iii. 46.

Cashiered, in Bardolph's slang it seems to mean "eased of his cash"; I. i. 176.

Castalion, King-Urinal; a nonsensical title which the host gives to Caius; "Castalion" = Castilian, with perhaps a quibbling reference to the medical practice of "casting the water" of the patient; II. iii. 34 (*v.* Notes).

Cataian, an inhabitant of Cataia or "Cathay" (China); a thief, used as term of reproach; II. i. 148.

Cat-a-mountain, wild-cat, leopard (used adjectivally); II. ii. 28.

Charactery, characters, writing; V. v. 76.

Charge, to put to expense; II. ii. 168.

Chariness, scrupulousness; II. i. 102.

Charms, love-charms, enchantments; II. ii. 106.

Cheater, escheater, an officer of the Exchequer, employed to exact forfeitures (used quibblingly); I. iii. 74.

Clapper-claw, thrash; II. iii. 66 (*cp.* 67, 69).

Coat, coat-of-arms; I. i. 17.

Cock and pie, a vulgar corruption of "God" and "Pie" (the service-book of the Romish Church); I. i. 304.

Cog, to wheedle; III. iii. 47.

Cogging, deceiving; III. i. 119.

Colours, ensigns; III. iv. 86.

Come off, to pay handsomely; IV. iii. 11.

Companion, fellow (in a bad sense); III. i. 119.

Cony-catch, to poach, pilfer; I. iii. 34.

Cony-catching, poaching, pilfering; I. i. 125.

Coram; probably due to the formula "jurat coram me," or a corruption of "quorum" ("quorumesse volumus" in a Justice's commission); both forms "corum" and "coram" are found as part of the title of "a justice of the peace"; I. i. 6.

Cornuto, cuckold; III. v. 68.

Cotsall, an allusion to the annual sports on the Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire; I. i. 91 (*v.* Notes).

Couch, crouch; V. ii. 1.

Counter-gate, the entrance to one of the Counter Prisons in London; III. iii. 80.

Country, district; I. i. 219.

Cowl-staff, a pole on which a tub or basket is borne between two persons; III. iii. 149.

Cozeners, sharpers (? play on "Cozen-Germans," *cp.* IV. v. 78); IV. v. 66.

Cuckoo-birds, with allusion to cuckolds; II. i. 128.

Curtal, having a docked tail; "a curtal dog" = a dog unfit for the chase, or one that has missed the game; II. i. 114.

Custalorum; Shallow's corruption of "Custos Rotulorum"; I. i. 7.

Cut and long tail, any kind of dogs, curtal dogs or long-tailed (hence, come who will to contend with me); III. iv. 49.

Dagger; "playing at sword and d."; a blunt blade used in place of the buckler; I. i. 284.

From a black-letter ballad ("A Looking-Glasse for Maids, or the Downfall of two desperate Lovers . . .").

Datchet-mead, in Windsor; III. iii. 14, etc.

Daubery, imposture; IV. ii. 177.

Defy, reject; II. ii. 74.

Detest; Mistress Quickly's error for "protest"; I. iv. 154.

Dickens (exclamatory), the devil; probably = devilkins; III. ii. 16.

Diffused, discordant; IV. iv. 55.

Dissolved, and dissolutely; Slender's error for "resolved, and resolutely"; I. i. 251.

Dole, portion; "happy man be his d." = "happiness be his portion"; III. iv. 68.

Drumble, dawdle; III. iii. 149.

Eld, old age, used in the sense of "old persons"; IV. iv. 37.

Elder; "heart of elder" = weak, faint-hearted; the elder has no heart; used in contrast to "heart of oak"; II. iii. 30.

Ensconce, to shelter under protection of a sconce or fort; II. ii. 28.

Ephesian, boon-companion (an allusion perhaps to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. ii. 10); IV. v. 18.

Eringoes, sea-holly (supposed to possess aphrodisiac qualities); V. v. 22.

Esquire, a gentleman next in degree below a knight; I. i. 4.

Eyas-musket, young male sparrow-hawk; III. iii. 21.

Fap, evidently a cant term for "fuddled"; I. i. 176.

Fartuous; Mistress Quickly's pronunciation of "virtuous"; II. ii. 99.

Fault, misfortune; I. i. 94; III. iii. 220.

Faustuses; "three Doctor F." (*cp.* "*Mephostophilus*"); IV. v. 70.

Fights (a sea-term), the canvas that hangs round the ship in a fight, to screen the combatants; II. ii. 140.

Fine and recovery, a term of law denoting absolute ownership; IV. ii. 212.

Flannel, originally manufactured in Wales, hence ludicrously used for a Welshman; V. v. 167.

Flemish, given to drink like a Fleming; the Dutch were notorious drunkards; II. i. 23.

Foin, to thrust in fencing; II. iii. 24.

Fortune thy foe, an allusion to the old ballad "Fortune my foe"; III. iii. 65.

Frampold, quarrelsome; II. ii. 92.

French thrift; Falstaff alludes to the practice of making a richly-dressed page take the place of a band of retainers; I. iii. 90.

Frize, a kind of coarse woollen stuff manufactured by Flemings in Wales; V. v. 142.

Froth, to make a tankard foam; I. iii. 14.

Fullam, a loaded die (so called from Fulham, where false dice were apparently manufactured); I. iii. 91.

Gallimaufry, "hotch-potch." used by Pistol for "the whole sex"; II. i. 119.

Gar, Dr. Caius' pronunciation of "God"; I. iv. 111, etc.

Geminy, a pair; II. ii. 8.

Ging, gang; IV. ii. 118.

Good-jer, supposed to be a corruption of the French word *goujère,* the name of a disease; used as a slight curse; I. iv. 126.

Good life, good name; III. iii. 121.

Gourd, some instrument of false gaming; I. iii. 91.

Grated upon, irritated, vexed; II. ii. 6.

Groat, piece of money valued at fourpence; I. i. 151.

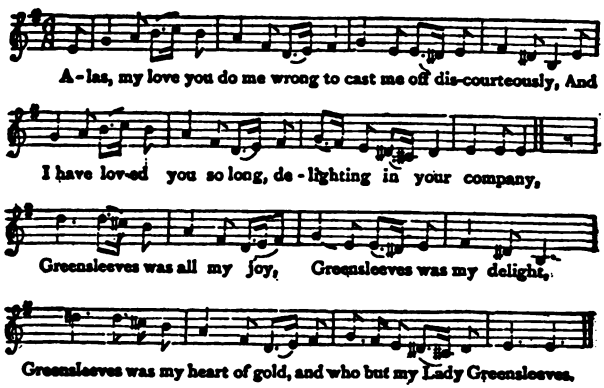
Green Sleeves, an old popular ballad tune, prob. of Henry VIIIth's time, still extant (see next page); II. i. 64

Hack, (?) "to become cheap and common," perhaps with a play on "hack," to kick; II. i. 52; IV. i. 65.

Hair; "against the hair," *i.e.* "against the grain," refers to the stroking of an animal's hair the wrong way; II. iii. 41.

Hang together, to hold together (without altogether collapsing); III. ii. 11.

The Ballad of Green Sleeves



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Hawthorn-buds, dandies; III. iii. 72.

Hector, cant term for a sharper; I. iii. 11.

Herod, represented as a swaggering tyrant in the old miracle plays; II. i. 20.

Hick, (?) to fight; Mistress Quickly's interpretation of "hic"; probably something coarse is intended; IV. i. 65.

High and low, i.e. high and low throws (the former were the numbers 4, 5, 6, the latter 1, 2, 3); I. iii. 93.

Hinds, servants; III. v. 96.

Hodge-pudding, probably something similar to a hodge-podge; V. v. 155.

Horn-mad, mad as a wicked bull; I. iv. 51.

Humour (ridiculed as a much misused word of fashion; particularly used by Nym); I. i. 132, 163, 165, etc.

Hungarian; (used quibblingly) the Hungarian wars attracted many English volunteers, who subsequently returned to England impoverished; I. iii. 21. (The first and second Quartos read "Gongarian.")

Image, idea, conception; IV. vi. 17.

Infection, Mistress Quickly's error for "affection"; II. ii. 118.

Intention, intentness; I. iii. 70.

Jack-a-Lent, a small stuffed puppet thrown at during Lent; III. iii. 25; V. v. 131.

Jay, used metaphorically for a loose woman; III. iii. 41.

Kibe, chilblain; I. iii. 33.
Kissing-comfits, sugar-plums; V. v. 22.

Labras, lips; I. i. 160.
Larded, garnished; IV. vi. 14.
Latten bilbo, a sword made of latten, a mixed soft metal resembling brass; swords were called "bilbos" from the great reputation of those made at Bilboa in Spain; I. i. 159.
Laundry, Sir Hugh Evans' error for "launder"; I. ii. 4.
Leman, lover; IV. ii. 164.
Lewdsters, libertines; V. iii. 22.
Lime, to put lime in sack to make it sparkle; I. iii. 14.
Lingered, waited in expectation; III. ii. 55.
Long-tail, v. "*Cut,*" etc.
Louses, Sir Hugh Evans' corruption of "luces"; the joke was perhaps derived by Shakespeare from a story told of Sir William Wise and Henry VIII. in Holinshed's continuation of the Chronicles of Ireland, where the play is on "fleur de lice"; I. i. 19. (See Note.)
Loves; "of all loves" = by all means, for love's sake; II. ii. 117.
Luces, pikes; "the dozen white luces," probably an allusion to the armorial bearings of Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy; a quartering of the Lucy arms, exhibiting

the dozen white luces, is to be found in Dugdale's *Warwickshire;* I. i. 16. The accompanying drawing from Lucy's seal gives 'three luces.'
Lunes, fits of lunacy; IV. ii. 20.
Luxury, wantonness; V. v. 98.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty schemer; III. i. 99.
Make, to make mischief; I. iv. 113.
Marry trap, a phrase of doubtful meaning; "exclamation of insult when a man was caught in his own stratagem"; in all probability its real force was "catch me if you can"; I. i. 164.
Master of fence, one who had taken a master's degree in the art of fencing; I. i. 285.
Mechanical, vulgar, vile; II. ii. 285.

Mill-sixpences; "these sixpences, coined in 1561 and 1562, were the first milled money in England, used as counters to cast up money"; I. i. 151.

Mephostophilus, used by Pistol; the name had been made popular in England by Marlowe's Faustus; I. i. 129.

Metheglins, mead, a fermented dish of honey and water; V. v. 162.

Mistress, the ordinary title of an unmarried gentlewoman; I. i. 48.

Mince, to walk with affected grace; V. i. 9.

Montant, a upright blow or thrust in fencing; II. iii. 27.

Motions, proposals; I. i. 214.

Mountain-foreigner, used by Pistol of Sir Hugh Evans, in the sense of "ultramontane," barbarous; I. i. 157.

Muscle-shell, applied by Falstaff to Simple because he stands with his mouth open; IV. v. 28.

Nay-word, a watch-word, or rather a twin-word agreed upon by two confederates; II. ii. 129.

Nuthook, contemptuous term for a catchpole; I. i. 165.

'Od's heartlings, an oath; God's heartling (a diminutive of "heart"); III. iv. 59.

'Od's nouns, Mistress Quickly's corruption of "God's wounds"; IV. i. 24.

Œillades, amorous glances; I. iii. 65.

O'erlooked, bewitched; V. v. 86.

'Ork, Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "work"; III. i. 15.

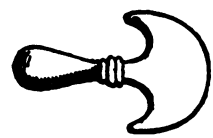
Ouphes, elves; IV. iv. 50.

Oyes, hear ye! the usual introduction to a proclamation; V. v. 44.

Paid, used quibblingly in sense of "paid out"; IV. v. 62.

Parcel, a constituent part; I. i. 230.

Paring knife; "glover's p. k."; I. iv. 21.



From a tradesman's token (XVII. Cent.).

Passant; as a term of heraldry = walking, used by Sir Hugh Evans; I. i. 20.

Passed, surpassed expression; I. i. 299.

Passes, goes beyond bounds; IV. ii. 122.

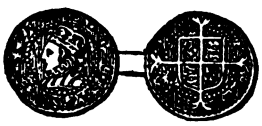
Pauca, few (*i.e.* words); I. i. 131; "pauca verba"; I. i. 121.

Peaking, sneaking; III. v. 68.

Peer out, probably an allusion to the children's old rhyme calling on a snail to push forth its horns; IV. ii. 24.

Peevish, foolish; I. iv. 14.

Penny, money in general; I. i. 62; (in ordinary sense) II. ii. 1.



Elizabethan Silver Penny.

Pensioners, the bodyguard of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth were so called; II. ii. 79.

Period, conclusion; IV. ii. 222.

Pheezar; evidently formed from the verb "to pheeze," *i.e.* "to hurry on, to worry"; I. iii. 10.

Phlegmatic, misapplied by Mistress Quickly; I. iv. 78.

Phrygian, possibly in the sense of "Trojan," used as a cant term for a person of doubtful character; I. iii. 95.

Pickt-hatch, a quarter of London notorious as the resort of bad characters; II. ii. 20.

Pinnace, used metaphorically for a go-between; I. iii. 86.

Pipe-wine, wine not from the bottle but from the pipe or cask, with a play on "pipe" in the sense of instrument to which people danced; III. ii. 87.

Pittie-ward, (?) "towards the Petty, or little Park"; III. i. 5.

Plummet; "ignorance is a p. o'er me"; Falstaff evidently represents himself as the carpenter's work, and Evans as the lead of the plummet held over him; V. v. 167.

Polecat, used as a term of reproach, (the polecat emits a disgusting smell); IV. ii. 185.

Possibilities, prospects of inheritance; used also in the sense of "possession," which may be the meaning here; I. i. 65.

Pottle, a large tankard, originally a measure of two quarts; III. v. 28.

Prat, a verb formed evidently by Ford from Mother Prat's name; IV. ii. 184.

Preeches, breached for flogging; IV. i. 78.

Presently, immediately; III. iii. 90.

Pribbles and Prabbles, petty wranglings, tittle-tattles (used by Sir Hugh Evans); I. i. 56.

Primero, a game of cards; IV. v. 104.

Properties, used technically for the necessaries of the stage, exclusive of the scenery and dresses; IV. iv. 79.

Property, a thing wanted for a particular purpose, a tool (to get out of debt); III. iv. 11.

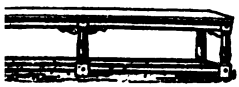
Puddings, the intestines of animals were so called (*cp.* "Pudding Lane"); II. i. 32.

Pumpion, a kind of pumpkin; III. iii. 40.

Punk, strumpet; II. ii. 139.

Punto, a thrust or stroke in fencing; II. iii. 26.

oards, broad shillings vard VI. used for the of shove or shovel- I. i. 152.



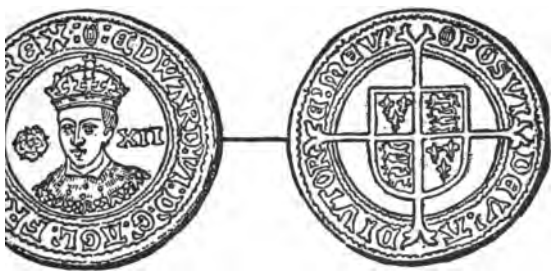
)ard, long preserved at the Falcon Inn.

Sprag = sprack, *i.e.* quick; IV. i. 82.

Speciously, a Quicklyism for specially (?); III. iv. 116; IV. v. 114.

Staggering, wavering; III. iii. 11.

Stale, the urine of horses, applied by the host to Dr. Caius; II. iii. 31.



Edward Shovel-boards.

ıedicinal herb; III. iii.

nferior clergy, as well ;hts or baronets, for- ·eceived this title, be- old equivalent of the ic *Dominus* (when to Bachelors of Arts Universities it was attached to the sur- ınd not to the Chris- ame); hence *"Sir" Evans*; I. i. 1.

glect; III. iv. 118.

lied by Nym to Slen- i. 131.

tossed; III. v. 9.

g, somewhat: IV. vi.

Stamps, impressed coins; III. iv. 17.

Star-chamber; this Court among its other functions took cognisance of "routs and riots"; I. i. 1.

Stoccadoes, thrusts in fencing; II. i. 230.

Stock, thrust in fencing; II. iii. 26.

Strain, disposition; II. i. 91.

Sufferance, sufferings; IV. ii. 2.

Swinged, belaboured; V. v. 190.

Sword and dagger (see *Dagger*).

Takes, strikes with disease; IV. iv. 33.

Taking, fright; III. iii. 182.

Tall, sturdy, powerful; "tall of his hands"; I. iv. 26.
Tester, sixpence; I. iii. 94.
Thrummed, made of coarse, woollen yarn; thrum, the loose end of a weaver's warp; IV. ii. 77.

Thrummed hat and muffler.
From Speed's Map of England.

Tightly, promptly; I. iii. 85.
Tire, head-dress; III. iii. 58.
Tire-valiant, a fanciful head-dress; III. iii. 57.

From an engraving of a noble Venetian lady (1605).

Tricking, costumes; IV. iv. 80.
Trot, Caius' pronunciation of "troth"; IV. v. 89.
Trow, used by Mistress Quickly in the sense of "I wonder"; I. iv. 136.
Truckle-bed, a small bed, running on castors, which was thrust under the standing-bed during the daytime; IV. v. 7.

Standing and truckle-bed.
From an illuminated MS. of XV. Cent. (The figures represent a nobleman and his valet.)

Uncape, to unearth a fox; III. iii. 169.
Unraked; "fires unr." = fires not raked together, not covered with fuel so that they might be found alight in the morning; V. v. 47.
Unweighed, inconsiderate; II. i. 23.
Urchins, imps, goblins; IV. iv. 50.

Veney, a bout at fencing; I. i. 285.
Vizements = advisements or considerations; I. i. 39.
Vlouting-stog, i.e. laughing-stock; III. i. 116.

Wag, pack off; II. i. 234.
Ward, posture of defence; II. ii. 253.

Watched, tamed as a hawk is broken in by being kept awake; V. v. 107.

Whiting-time, bleaching time; III. iii. 133.

Whitsters, bleachers of linen; III. iii. 13.

Wide of, far from, indifferent to; III. i. 57.

With, by; III. v. 108.

Wittolly, cuckoldly; II. ii. 278.

Woodman, a hunter of forbidden game, and also a pursuer of women; V. v. 29.

Worts, roots (used quibblingly with reference to Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "words"); I. i. 121.

Wrong; "you do yourself mighty wrong" = you are much mistaken; III. iii. 209.

Wrongs; "this wrongs you," this is unworthy of you; IV. ii. 154.

Yead, an old abbreviation of "Edward"; I. i. 153.

Yellowness, the colour of jealousy; I. ii. 109.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 22. *'The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.'* No satisfactory explanation of this passage has as yet been offered; various suggestions have been made, *e.g.* 'salt-fish' = the hake borne by the stockfishmongers; 'same' for 'salt'; ''tis ott fish in' (assigned to Evans), etc. May not, however, the whole point of the matter lie in Shallow's use of 'salt' in the sense of 'saltant,' the heraldic term, used especially for vermin? If so 'salt-fish' = 'the leaping-louse,' with a quibble on 'salt' as opposed to 'fresh fish.' There is further allusion to the proverbial predilection of vermin for 'old coats,' used quibblingly in the sense of 'coat-of-arms.' The following passage from Holinshed's continuation of the chronicles of Ireland (quoted by Rushton), seems to bear out this explanation:—"Having lent the king his signet to

From the Annalia Dubrensia (1636), a collection of poems laudatory of the Cotswold Games and their patron, Robert Dover.

seal a letter, who having powdered erinuts ingrailed in the seal; why how now Wise (quoth the King), what hast thou lice here? And if it like your Majesty, quoth Sir William, a louse is a rich coat, for by giving the louse I part arms with the French King in that he giveth the flower de lice, whereat the king heartily laughed," etc.

I. i. 46. *'George Page.'* Ff. Q_2. 'Thomas Page,' retained by Camb. Ed. though Master Page is elsewhere called 'George'; "the mistake may have been Shakespeare's own," or 'Geo.' may have been misread as 'Tho.'

I. i. 91. *'outrun on Cotsall,' i.e.* on the Cotswold hills (in Gloucestershire); probably an allusion to the famous Cotswold Games, which were revived by Captain Robert Dover at the beginning of the seventeenth century, though evidently instituted earlier; the allusion does not occur in the first and second Quartos.

I. i. 171. *'Scarlet and John'*; Robin Hood's boon-companions; an allusion to Bardolph's red face.

I. iii. 28. *'a minute's rest'*; a minim's rest" is the ingenious suggestion of Bennet Langton; *cp. Romeo and Juliet,* II. iv. 22, "rests me his minim rest."

I. iii. 46. *'carves'*; probably used here in the sense of 'to show favour by expressive gestures'; *cp.* "A carver: chironomus . . . one that useth apish motions with his hands."—Littleton's *Latin-English Dictionary* (1675).

I. iii. 51. *'Studied her will'*; so Qq_{1-2}: Ff, 'will' retained by Camb. Ed.

I. iii. 73. *'region of Guiana.'* Sir Walter Raleigh returned from his expedition to So. America in 1596, and published his book 'The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana' in the same year.

I. iii. 99. *'By welkin and her star.'* This is no doubt the correct reading of the line, and there is no need to read *stars,* as has been suggested; 'star' is obviously used here for 'the sun'; the Quartos read 'fairies.'

I. ii. 109. *'the revolt of mine,' i.e.* my revolt: Camb. Ed. suggest in Note 'mine anger,' but no change seems necessary.

II. i. 5. *'though Love use Reason for his physician.'* The Folios read 'precisian'; the emendation adopted in the text was first suggested by Theobald, and has been generally accepted; *cp.* Sonnet CXLVII: "My reason the physician to my love."

II. i. 220, 223. In the folios the name 'Broome' is given instead

of 'Brooke'; but Falstaff's pun, "Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with liquor," removes all doubt as to the correct reading, which is actually found in the Quartos.

II. i. 224. *'Will you go, min-heers?'* The Folios and Quartos, *'An-heires,'* retained by Camb. Ed.; Theobald, 'mynheers.' Other suggestions are "on, here"; "on, hearts"; "on, heroes"; "cavaleires," etc. In support of change, *cp.* 'mine host' in reply.

II. ii. 155. *'O'erflows,'* so F_1F_2; Camb. Ed., 'o'erflow.'

II. iii. 34. *'Castalion, King-Urinal'*: Ff. 'castalion-king-Vrinall,' retained by Camb. Ed. but the first hyphen is prob. an error for comma—a fairly common mistake in this particular play, *cp.* nightly-meadow-fairies, V. v. 68, etc.

II. iii. 88. *'Cried I aim?'* The Folios and Quartos read "cried game"; the ingenious emendation, due to Douce, was first adopted by Dyce.

III. i. 17, etc. Sir Hugh oddly confuses Marlowe's famous ditty, 'Come live with me and be my love,' and the old version of the 137th Psalm, 'When we did sit in Babylon.'

III. i. 95. *'Gallia and Gaul'*; so the Folios; the first and second Quartos read "Gawle and Gawlia;" Farmer's conjecture "Guallia and Gaul" was adopted by Malone and other editors. Gallia = Wales.

III. ii. 73. *'he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes'* (which are now as it were unravelled).

III. iii. 42. *'Have I caught thee'*; probably the reading of the Quarto which omits 'thee' is the more correct; Falstaff quotes from the second song in Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*:—

> "Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
> Teaching sleep most faire to be?
> Now will I teach her that she
> When she wakes is too-too cruell."

III. iii. 65, 66. *'Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend,'* so F_2 F_3 F_4; "foe, were not Nature," F_1 Q_2: perhaps better, 'foe were not. Nature is thy friend'; so Capell.

III. v. 4. The reading of the Quartos is seemingly preferable:—"Have I lived to be carried in a basket, and thrown into the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal."

III. v. 9. *'The rogues slighted me into the river,' i.e.* "Threw me in contemptuously"; the Quartos read "slided me in."

IV. i. 49. *'Hang-hog is Latin for bacon'*; probably suggested by the famous story told of Sir Nicholas Bacon. A prisoner

named Hog, who had been condemned to death, prayed for mercy on the score of kindred. "Ay but," replied the judge, "you and I cannot be of kindred unless you are hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hanged" (Bacon's *Apophthegms*).

IV. ii. 20. *'old lunes'*; the Folios and third Quarto read 'lines'; the first and second Quartos 'vaine'; the correction is Theobald's; the same error occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. 139.

IV. ii. 97. *'the witch of Brentford'*; an actual personage of the sixteenth century. A tract is extant entitled "Jyl of Breyntford's Testament," whence it appears that the witch kept a tavern at Brentford; in Dekker & Webster's *Westward Ho* the following allusion is found:—"I doubt that old hag Gillian of Brainford has bewitched me."

IV. ii. 185. *'rag,'* so F_1 F_2; F_3 F_4 'hag,' adopted by Camb. Ed.

IV. iv. 43. *'That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.'* After this line the following words from the Quartos have been added in many editions:—

> "We 'll send him word to meet us in the field,
> Disguised like Horne with huge horns on his head."

IV. iv. 58. *'to pinch'* probably the correct reading should be 'to-pinch,' where 'to' is the intensitive prefix so common in old English, though it is possible to explain it as the ordinary infinitive prefix, omitted in the case of the former verb in the sentence.

IV. iv. 84. *'Send quickly to Sir John.'* Theobald ingeniously suggested "Quickly" for "quickly."

IV. v. 78. *'cozen-germans'* the first Quarto reads:—

> "For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
> Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead and Readings,"

where 'garmombles' is very possibly a perversion of Mömpelgard; Count Frederick of Mömpelgard visited Windsor in 1592; free post-horses were granted him by a passport of Lord Howard.

The Count became a "Duke of Jamany" (Wirtemberg) in 1593; considerable interest must have been taken in the Duke about 1598. A letter to the Queen, dated August 14, 1598, is extant, in which the following passage occurs:—"I have heard with extreme regret that some of my enemies endeavour to calumniate me and prejudice your majesty against me. I have given them no occasion for this. I hope that when your majesty has discovered this report to be false, you will have greater reason to continue your affection towards me, and give neither faith nor

credit to such vipers." In the year 1602 appeared "An Account of the Duke's Bathing Excursion to the far-famed Kingdom of England" (*vide* Rye's *England as seen by Foreigners*).

V. v. 26. *'bribed buck,'* so the Folios; Theobald, "bribe bauk," adopted by Camb. Ed.: 'a bribed buck' was a buck cut up into portions (Old French *bribes* = 'portions of meat to be given away').

V. v. 42. *'orphan heirs.'* Theobald suggested "ouphen" (elvish) for "orphan," and he has been followed by many editors, but the change is unnecessary. *Cp.* "unfather'd heirs," II. *Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 122.

V. v. 45, 47. *'toyes'*: Ff. Camb. Ed., *toys,* evidently to be read "toyēs," rhyming with "oyēs" in the previous line; similarly "unswept" should probably be "unswep," suggesting rhyme with "leap."

V. v. 94-96. *Cp.* Song of the Fairies in Lyly's *Endymion.*

V. v. 111. *'these fair yokes'*; the first Folio reads "yoakes," the second "okes." "Yokes" must refer to the resemblance of the buck's horns to a yoke; a sort of sense can be got out of 'oaks,' the antlers resembling the branches of oaks, but the first Folio reading seems preferable.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

13. *three hundred years*:—Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him"; an aristocratic way of speaking once common in England. Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though Shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror. We are indebted to Verplanck for this anecdote.

28, 29. *quarter of your coat*:—To *quarter* meant, in heraldic language, to have armorial bearings as an appendage to hereditary arms; as a man, by marrying, may add his wife's titles, if she have any, to his own. Sir Hugh, who must still be talking, mistakes the quartering of heraldry for the cutting of a thing into four parts.

49. To *speak small* means much the same as what old Lear so touchingly says over his dying Cordelia: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

114. *But not kissed your keeper's daughter?*—Scott in *Kenilworth* suggests that this was part of the charge made against the Poet by Sir Thomas Lucy.

118 *et seq. Council* and *counsel*, just below, are probably a quibble, the one meaning the Star-Chamber, the other being used in the sense of *secresy*.

204. *Michaelmas*:—This is probably a blunder on Simple's part for *Martlemas*, according to Hudson. Theobald substituted Martlemas, "not believing that any blunder was intended."

304. *cock and pie*:—This phrase occurs in several old plays, and once again in Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV.*, V. i. 1; but its origin and import have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account seems to be, that it was a humorous oath, the *Cock* and *Magpie*, having been, it seems, an ancient and favourite ale-house sign. Some think, however, that *cock* was a corruption of the sacred name, and that *pie* referred to the table in the Roman service-book showing the service for the day.

Scene III.

9. *Keisar* is an old form of *Cæsar*, the general term for an emperor; *Kings* and *Keisars* being a common phrase.

Scene IV.

5. *Old* is here intensive, much the same as *huge*; a common use of the word in the Poet's time. Thus we have *old* coil in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

8. *we'll have a posset*:—A *posset*, according to Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armourie*, 1688, is "hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."

8, 9. *soon at night*:—Hudson states that *soon at* is a phrase occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare; as "*soon at* five o'clock," and "*soon at* supper-time," where it means *about*, or something akin to that word.

28. *warrener*:—The keeper of a warren.

165, 166. *the next time we have confidence*:—Hudson is of opinion that *confidence* is a "Quicklyism for *conference*."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

52. *These knights will hack*:—This is probably a covert reflection upon the prodigal distribution of the honour of knighthood by King James. "These knights will soon become so *hackneyed* that your honour will not be increased by becoming one."

54. *We burn daylight*:—A proverbial phrase, derived from burning lamps by daylight: "We waste time."

121. *With liver burning hot*:—Love, as the ancients understood that passion, was supposed to establish itself in the liver.

122. *Like Sir Actæon he*:—Actæon, in classical mythology, was a renowned hunter. He offended Artemis (Diana) by concealing himself near a stream in which she was bathing—thus obtaining stolen glimpses of her. The offended goddess transformed Actæon into a stag and his dogs tore him to pieces.

129. *Believe it, Page; he speaks sense*:—"Pistol," says Hudson, "knew beforehand what Nym was to tell Page; and now, as he infers from their talking so long that Page is incredulous, he speaks this to confirm Nym's tale, and thereby cut short the interview."

199, 200. *Good even and twenty*:—According to Staunton, "an old popular salutation, meaning twenty good evenings."

232. *with my long sword*:—Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of enormous length and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier.

Scene II.

7. *your coach-fellow Nym*:—That is, he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you.

11, 12. *Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan*:—Fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakespeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. Thus in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:—

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."

19. *short knife and a throng!*—That is, go and *cut purses in a crowd*. Purses were then worn hanging at the girdle.

78, 79. *nay, which is more, pensioners*:—That is, gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract Mrs. Quickly. Hence Shakespeare, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, has selected the golden-coated cowslips to be *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen:

150, 151. *sent your worship a morning's draught of sack*:—It seems to have been a common custom in taverns, in Shakespeare's

time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance. In the *Parliamentary History*, we have the following passage from *The Life of General Monk*, by Dr. Price: "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

157. *Via*, an Italian word, which Florio explains: "An adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, dispatch."

192. *Sith*:—Since.

291, 292. *I will aggravate his style*:—That is, *I will add more titles to those he already has.* The term *style* was used in heraldry. Thus in Heywood's *Golden Age*: "I will create lords of a greater *style*"; and in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

> "As to abandon that which doth contain
> Your honour's *style*, that is, your warlike shield."

304, 305. *Amaimon sounds well*, etc.:—Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, may be consulted concerning these demons, as may also Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armourie.*

312. *aqua-vitæ*:—Reed states that Dericke, in *The Image of Ireland*, 1581, refers to *uskebeaghe* (or *usquebaugh*, the same word as the modern *whiskey*), and in a note explains it to mean *aqua-vitæ.*

Scene III.

59. *Mock-water*:—Probably some allusion to the doctor's medical practice. The meaning remains obscure.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

17 *et seq. To shallow rivers, to whose falls*, etc.:—The charming pastoral upon which this burlesque is formed, is thus referred to by Izaak Walton: "'Twas a handsome Milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be; but she cast away

all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smoothe song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago." Walton next mentions "an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." The humour of these musical snatches, broken and disordered as they are by the anger and fear of the pugnacious parson, is most rare and exquisite. The poem by Marlowe, entitled *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love,* is as follows:—

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love."

This poem is seldom seen without its companion piece, already referred to, and entitled *The Nymph's Reply*:—

"If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
But time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love."

24. *Whenas I sat in Pabylon*:—The old version of the 137th Psalm, which was drawn upon here, runs:—

"Whenas wee sate in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
And in remembrance of Sion
The teares for griefe burst out."

114, 115. *you make-a de sot of us*:—"Sot," says Hudson, "was much used in its French sense of *fool*."

Scene II.

30, 31. *twenty mile . . . twelve score*:—The use of the singular for the plural, especially in statements of time and distance, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time. Thus in *The Tempest* Prospero says, "Twelve *year* since, Miranda, twelve year since, thy father was the duke of Milan."

66. *speaks holiday*:—To *speak holiday* means to speak in well-chosen language, or in a style above the common. So in 1 *Henry*

IV., I. iii. 46, 47: "With many *holiday* and lady terms he question'd me"—although here there is an implied sense of dandyism and affectedness of speech.

70. *no having*:—That is, no *property* or *possessions*. So in *Twelfth Night*, III. iv.:—

> "My *having* is not much;
> I 'll make division of my present with you:
> Hold, there 's half my coffer."

Scene III.

21. *eyas-musket!*—A young sparrow-hawk, *eyas* being a nestling hawk, and *musket* a male sparrow-hawk. So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,

> "Like *eyas hawke* up mounts unto the skies,
> His newly-budded pineons to assay;"

and again in his *Hymne of Heavenly Love*: "Ere flitting Time could wag his *eyas wings*."

25. *Jack-a-Lent*:—A small stuffed puppet that used to be thrown at for sport in Lent. So in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 3: "On an Ash-Wednesday, where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent, for boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee."

57, 58. *the ship-tire, the tire-valiant*, etc.:—Any fanciful head-dress worn or approved by the fashion-lovers of Venice. In how much request the Venetian *tire* or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624: "Let her have the Spanish gait, the *Venetian tire*."

65, 66. *if Fortune . . . friend*:—That is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature *being* thy friend." "Fortune my foe" was the beginning of a popular old ballad, wherein were sung the evils that fall upon men through the caprices of Fortune.

74. *Bucklersbury in simple time*:—*Simples* or *herbs* were sold at the many apothecary-shops in Bucklersbury; thus in *simple time* filling the air with the fragrance of rosemary and lavender.

80. *Counter-gate*:—*Counter* was the name of one of the London prisons, and was a frequent subject of jest. Thus Baret in his *Alvearie*, 1573: "We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter* or such-like places of prison, He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare; meaning imprisonment."

92. *the arras*:—"In Shakespeare's time," says Hudson, "the walls of rooms, even in the best houses, were unplastered, and were lined with tapestries instead, which were called *arras*, from the town of Arras in France, where they were first made. These, to keep them from the rotting-damp, were hung on frames at some distance from the walls." And Steevens says: "The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in *Much Ado* and Polonius in *Hamlet* also avail themselves of this convenient recess."

164. *I have dreamed to-night*:—Meaning *last night.*

Scene IV.

14. *thy father's wealth*:—"Some light," says Singer, "may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latimer, in the time of Edward VI., mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity 'that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion.' At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda."

92, 93. *be set quick*, etc.:—So in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."

105. *once to-night*:—That is, *sometime to-night.* Often so.

Scene V.

26. *I cry you mercy*:—That is, "I ask your pardon."

28. *Chalices*:—Cups.

84. *distraction*:—Hanmer changed this to direction, and has been followed by some others, including Hudson (Harvard ed.).

108. *with*:—As pointed out by Singer, *with, by,* and *of* were used indiscriminately with much license by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have: "I rather will suspect the sun *with* cold." *Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected, impeached.* Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions,* has this very phrase—*detected with,* for *impeached with,*

or *held in suspicion by*: "What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory to heare our names *with vile fame so detected.*" *Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered,* but *suspected by* the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

4. *courageous*:—As Hudson conjectures, *outrageous.*

Scene II.

198. *cry out thus upon no trail*:—Terms of the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the game. To *cry out* is to *open,* or *bark,* as the dogs do when they find the trail.

211, 212. *in fee-simple, with fine and recovery*:—Ritson remarks upon this passage: "Fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the *strongest* assurance known to English law." So that the passage means, "If Falstaff be not, to all intents and purposes, the devil's," etc. Commentators have wondered how Mrs. Page came to know so much of legal terms. But is it not equally strange that Shakespeare's average characters, in their ordinary talk, should speak greater poetry than any other poet has written?

212, 213. *he will never, I think,* etc.:—Hudson says that this "is another legal phrase, meaning, 'he will never again attempt to ruin us, or to *lay waste* our good name.'"

Scene IV.

33. *takes the cattle*:—*Take,* meaning to *strike with disease,* is frequent in Shakespeare. So in *King Lear,* II. iv.: "Strike her young bones, you *taking* airs, with lameness." "A horse that is bereft of his feeling, moving, or stirring," says Markham (1595), "is said to be *taken,* and in sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease: yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken* to be stricken by some planet, or evil spirit, which is false."

Scene V.

7, 8. *painted about . . . the Prodigal*:—"Bed-curtains and tapestries," says Hudson, "were often embroidered with figures from Scripture subjects, such as the Prodigal Son, Lazarus, and others. Shakespeare has divers allusions to them."

10. *Anthropophaginian*:—Man-eater or cannibal. Mine Host uses these fustian words to astonish Simple.

70. *Doctor Faustuses*:—Dr. Faustus, the German magician, had acquired a new celebrity through Marlowe's play.

Scene VI.

41. *quaint in green*:—*Quaint* here means *neat, tasteful, graceful,* with the idea of being, not fantastic, but elegantly fancied or conceived.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

25. *life is a shuttle*:—An allusion to Job, vii. 6: "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle.*"

Scene V.

15-17. *Send me a cool . . . tallow*:—This is technical. It is explained by aid of Turberville's *Book of Hunting,* 1575: "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace, they are then so vehement in heat."

20-24. *Let the sky rain potatoes,* etc.:—The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato in 1586. It was supposed, as also was the eringo, to be an aphrodisiac.

28. *the fellow of this walk*:—The *keeper* of this park or portion of the forest. The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

43. *quality*:—Profession, or function.

47, 49. *Where fires thou find'st unraked,* etc.:—This office of

the ancient fairies appears to have been quite a favourite theme with poets. Thus in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:—

"These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping."

So also in an old ballad entitled *The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow,* sometimes attributed to Ben Jonson:—

"When house and harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view."

And again in the ancient song of the *Fairy Queen*:—

"And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.
But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe."

54. *Raise up the organs of her fantasy*:—*Fantasy,* according to Hudson, "here stands for *sensual desire,* the 'sinful fantasy' reproved afterwards in the Fairies' Song." Clarke gives a different explanation, making the passage mean, "exalt her imagination by pleasant dreams."

56. *But those as sleep*:—*As* and *that* were, in the time of Shakespeare, used interchangeably.

65. *With juice of balm,* etc.:—It was a practice with people of luxury to rub furniture with aromatic herbs, in order to give it a sweet smell. Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits. "Perhaps," adds Hudson, "they found that penny-royal would keep off mosquitoes."

83. *middle-earth*:—Johnson says that "spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell underground;

men therefore are in a middle station." Often used in this sense by old writers.

173. *affliction*:—After this speech the following, in accordance with Theobald's decision, usually has been added from the Quarto:—

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here 's my hand; all 's forgiven at last.

204. *postmaster's boy*:—Here too, following Steevens, many have inserted the following from the Quarto:—

Evans. Jeshu! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?
Page. O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?

232. *evitate*:—Avoid.

243. *When night-dogs run,* etc.:—Here again we commonly have a line added from the Quarto: "*Evans.* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding." Malone says that Falstaff alludes to Fenton's having just *run down* Anne Page. "Falstaff," says Clarke, "here takes a final chuckle over those who have defeated his pursuit of the *dear* merry wives, by showing them that their *dear* daughter has been caught by the man who was not their choice, but hers."

Questions on

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

1. At whose request is this play said to have come into existence?
2. What relation in time do the events here depicted bear to those of *Henry IV.*?

ACT FIRST.

3. With what note does the play open?
4. With what trait uppermost is Slender first presented?
5. What is first said of Anne Page? Of Master Page?
6. Mention some of Sir Hugh Evans's verbal peculiarities. Compare him with Fluellen in *Henry V.*
7. What contemporary of Shakespeare is supposed to be satirized in this Act?
8. How do Falstaff and his companions meet the charges of Shallow and Slender?
9. What dramatic purpose is effected by the short scene with the three women?
10. Who proposes the match between Slender and Anne Page? Why does he wish to foster it?
11. What subtle observation of nature does Shakespeare show in the scene between Anne Page and Slender? Is it a great art to make a dull person interesting?
12. What new stage in the subordinate intrigue does Sc. ii. introduce? What new character is presented and how described?
13. Why was Falstaff glad to be rid of Bardolph? To what extent was Falstaff not averse to stealing?
14. What is the intrigue which Falstaff proposes, and what is the counter-action? What motive is established for this counter-action? Why, at the close of Sc. iii., do Nym and Pistol speak in verse?

15. Why are Rugby's qualities set forth? What trait of Mrs. Quickly is here illustrated?

16. State the complication of the intrigue involving Anne Page, Sir Hugh, Mrs. Quickly, Dr. Caius, and Fenton as active participants. Whose side does Mrs. Quickly take?

ACT SECOND.

17. This Act presents what picture of middle-class morality?

18. What internal facts determine the social status of the audience for which the play was intended?

19. Who informs Ford of Falstaff's purposes?

20. What tag of speech does Nym always carry about with him? What is its satirical import?

21. Does Nym seem more of a caricature—like many of Dickens's people—than a character?

22. What saved Page from suspicion of his wife?

23. Mention a certain modern type of character satirized in the Host.

24. What touches of real Falstaffian humour in the dialogue in Sc. ii. between the knight and Pistol?

25. What is the office of Mrs. Quickly in the main intrigue?

26. How does Ford, disguised as Brook, persuade Falstaff to accede to his designs?

27. Does Falstaff here, as in all cases in *Henry IV.*, cover his retreat with humour?

28. Contrast the jealousy of Ford with that of Othello. Why is not Ford a tragic figure?

29. Is Dr. Caius a character of comedy or of burlesque? Compare him with Evans in his power of provoking mirth.

ACT THIRD.

30. Describe the state of mind of Evans at the opening of the first Scene. What situation in modern comedy resembles this?

31. How does the Host act as pacificator? What is his reward?

32. Define the state of mind of Slender during the progress of the first Scene.

33. How does Mrs. Page add to the jealousy of Ford?

34. What was Page's objection to Fenton as a suitor for Anne?

35. Had Falstaff any trusty followers? How did Robin deceive him?

36. What impression does Sir John make as a lover? Is it possible that a man of his intellect could have been so played upon?

37. Where is the climax of the drama?

38. What does Page say as Falstaff passes him, as the latter is carried out concealed in the buck-basket? How does Falstaff later describe the scene?

39. How do Sir Hugh Evans, Dr. Caius, and Mrs. Ford comment on the jealousy of Ford?

40. Why are the practical jokes at Falstaff's expense continued?

41. Does Fenton recommend himself to you as a fit suitor for "Sweet Anne Page"? How does he justify his position?

42. What effect of contrast is secured in the fourth Scene? How is it shown that the choice of lovers really lies between two?

43. Is Anne a romantic figure? If so, why is not her love-affair treated romantically? How would you describe the animating spirit of this Scene?

44. What determining influence has the principal intrigue upon the manner of treatment of the subordinate one?

45. What redeems Falstaff from the ignominy of the ducking, as evidenced in Sc. v.?

46. How is the interview between Falstaff and Ford, with which the Act closes, justified from a dramatic point of view?

ACT FOURTH.

47. Is there episodic value in Sc. i.?

48. Is it good art in Shakespeare to make the second scene of Falstaff at Mrs. Ford's follow so closely on the lines of the first?

49. How is it saved from bathos? Wherein resides the real comedy of the Scene?

50. In what way does Sc. iii. connect itself with the plot of the play?

51. Describe the plot that is laid for the third punishment of Sir John.

52. Is anything indicated as to the belief in witches and fairies in the England of this period?

53. How are the two intrigues brought together into the same channel?

54. Is there any reason in nature why Page should not have been as jealous of his wife as Ford was of his?

55. Did the difference of the Pages, man and wife, over the marriage of their daughter ever amount to enmity?

56. In what way is Mistress Prat of Brentford made to assume an integral part in the plot? What effect of retrospect is gained thereby?

57. Why is Nym the one singled out for reference?

58. What subsequent parts in the action do Pistol and Bardolph play?

59. Recount the episode of the German impostors? For what does this episode prepare?

60. What effect of reality is gained by the introduction of elements but remotely allied to the main action?

61. How does this imposture of the Germans furnish a background for Falstaff's reflection in the fifth Scene?

62. Compare the account of his second discomfiture that Falstaff gives to Dame Quickly with the account of the first, delivered to Ford. Is the citadel of his conceit feeling assaults made upon it?

ACT FIFTH.

63. State the reason that led Falstaff to venture his fortunes for the third time.

64. What classical comparisons does he plume himself with?

65. What effect is there in the transition from this to the fear of the fairies?

66. Indicate the sort of penitence that disgrace stirred in Falstaff. In what quarter did he chiefly fear disclosures?

67. How did Anne Page and Fenton outwit the whole company?

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68. Why is so much of this comedy written in prose? What parts are in verse; and what is the content of such passages?

69. Is the real Falstaff of *Henry IV.* to be seen in this play?

70. What are some of the characteristics that are distinctively his, and when are these prominent in this play?

71. Does the play furnish enough of the real Falstaffian humour to offset the feeling of injustice done to the fat knight of *Henry IV.*?

72. Compare respectively the Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph of this and the earlier play.

73. Compare Slender with Sir Andrew Aguecheek (*Twelfth Night*). Which is the more delightful?

74. Was Slender an unsuitable husband for Anne Page? Your opinion of Page and of the reasons why he encouraged the suit of Slender.

75. Will Fenton probably spend her money and then desert Anne? What may be expected from his antecedents?

76. What traits of character do you find in the two "merry wives"? What in Mrs. Quickly?

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

Preface.

Editions. The earliest edition of *King Henry the Fifth* is a quarto published in 1600, with the following title:—

"The | Chronicle | History of Henry the Fifth | with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | *France.* Together with *Auntient Pistoll.* | *As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | LONDON | Printed by *Thomas Creede,* for Tho. Milling | ton, and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head. 1600. |"

This quarto was reprinted in 1602 and 1608.

In the First Folio the title of the play is *The Life of Henry the Fift.**

The text of the quarto edition differs in many important respects from that of the folio; (i.) it omits all the prologues and the epilogue; (ii.) some five hundred lines besides are in no wise represented therein; (iii.) the speeches of certain characters are transferred to other characters, so that the actors are fewer;† confusion in time-indications; (iv.) corruptions, obscurities, and minor discrepancies abound.‡ The Quarto is obviously

* Edited by W. G. Stone, *New Shak. Soc.*, 1880.

† Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Erpingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger, II. iv., and IV. ii., and the French Queen, have no speeches assigned to them in the Quarto.

‡ *Cp.* Henry V., Parallel Texts, ed. Nicholson, *with Introduction,* by P. A. Daniel; *New Shak. Soc.*

derived from an edition abridged for acting purposes, evidently an imperfect and unauthorized version made up from shorthand notes taken at the theatre, and afterwards amplified. The original of this abridged edition was in all probability the Folio text, more or less, as we know it. This view of the question is now generally accepted, and few scholars are inclined to maintain that 'the original of the Quarto was an earlier one without choruses, and following the Chronicle historians much more closely.'*

The Date of Composition. The reference to Essex in the Prologue to Act V. (*vide* Note) shews that *Henry the Fifth* must have been acted between March 27 and September 28, 1599;† the play is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia,* 1598, though *Henry IV.* is included in his list; the Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.* makes promise of *Henry V.,* but 'our humble author' has modified his original conception ‡ (*vide* Preface to 1, 2 *Henry IV.,*

* *Vide* Fleay, '*Life and Work of Shakespeare*'; p. 206. Besides thus differentiating the two editions, Mr. Fleay takes the scene with the Scotch and Irish captains (III. ii. l. 69 to the end of the Scene) to be an insertion for the Court performance, Christmas 1605, to please King James, who had been annoyed that year by depreciation of the Scots on the stage.

This Scene is certainly a contrast to the anti-Scottish feeling in Act I. Sc. ii. The late Richard Simpson made some interesting, though doubtful, observations on the political teaching of Henry V. in a paper dealing with *The politics of Shakespeare's Historical Plays* (*New Shak. Soc.,* 1874).

† It is fair to assume that the choruses were written for the first performances, though Pope, Warburton, and others held that these were inserted at a later period; they must, however, have formed an integral portion of Shakespeare's original scheme; considerations of time may have necessitated their omission in the abridged acting edition.

‡ "Our humble author will continue the story, *with Sir John in it,* and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat," etc.

and Note on *Epilogue*): this change of plan is intimately connected with the composition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (*vide* Preface); the play is found in the Stationers' Register under August 4th, 1600 (together with *As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing,* and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*), marked, "to be staied," though ten days afterwards it is again entered among the copies assigned to Thomas Pavyer; in the same year we have the publication of the Quarto edition; finally, the Globe Theatre, built by Burbage in 1599, is somewhat emphatically referred to in the Prologue; all these considerations seem to fix with certainty the year 1599 as the date of this play.

The Sources. The main authority for the history of *Henry V.* was the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles,* published in 1587, though he departs occasionally from his original for the sake of dramatic effect. For two or three minor points Shakespeare was indebted to the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth** (*e.g.* a few touches in Act I. Sc. ii.; the episode of Pistol and the French soldier; the wooing scene, etc.).†

Duration of Action. The time of *Henry V.* covers ten days, with intervals, embracing altogether a period of about six years, from the opening of the Parliament at Leicester, April 30, 1414, to Henry's betrothal to Katharine, May 20, 1420:—

1st Chorus. Prologue, 'sets forth the claims of the dramatist on the imagination of the audience.'

* *Vide* Preface to 1, 2, *Henry IV. The Famous Victories* was licensed in 1594; in 1592 Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse,* alludes to this or some other play on the same subject:—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner," etc.

† *Cp.* W. G. Stone's Introduction to *Henry the Fifth* (*New Shak. Soc.*); an exhaustive study of the historical aspect of the play; also Courtenay's *Historical Plays of Shakespeare*; Warner's *English* History in Shakespeare.

Day 1. Act I. Sc. i. and ii. Ante-chamber in the King's palace; the presence-chamber.

2nd Chorus; 'tells of the preparations for war; of the discovery of the plot against the king, who is set from London, and that the scene is to be transported to London.' *Interval.*

Day 2. Act II. Sc. i. London (?Eastcheap). *Interval.*

Day 3. Act II. Sc. ii. Southampton; Sc. iii. London (Falstaff is dead). *Interval.*

Day 4. Act II. Sc. iv. France, the King's Palace.

3rd Chorus; 'tells of the King's departure from Hampton; his arrival at Harfleur, and of the return of his Ambassador with proposals.' *Interval.*

Day 5. Act III. Sc. i.-iii. Before Harfleur. *Interval.* [Act. III. Sc. iv. *Interval,* following Day 4.]

Day 6. Act III. Sc. v. Rouen. *Interval.*

Day 7. Act III. Sc. vi.; [*Interval*] first part of Sc. vii.; Blangy.

Day 8. Act III. Sc. vii. (French camp near Agincourt).

4th Chorus (*Interval*). Act IV. Sc. i.-viii. (*with Intervals*); English camp.

5th Chorus 'tells of Henry's journey to England and of his reception by his people; then, with excuses for passing over time and history, brings his audience straight back again to France. The historic period thus passed over dates from October, 1415, to Henry's betrothal to Katharine, May, 1420.' *Interval.*

Day 9. Act V. Sc. ii. (perhaps, better, the last scene should reckon as the tenth day, *vide* W. G. Stone, p. ciii.).

6th Chorus. Epilogue. (*Cp.* Daniel's *Time Analysis; Trans. Shak. Soc.,* 1877-79.)

In no other play has Shakespeare attempted so bold an experiment in the dramatization of war; nowhere else has he made so emphatic an apology for disregarding the unities of time and place, nor put forth so clear a vindication of the rights of the imagination in the romantic drama; he seems, indeed, to point directly to Sidney's famous comment on the scenic poverty of the stage,*—*"Two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field,"*—when his Chorus makes the mock avowal:—

> "O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt." †

The theme, as well as its treatment and the spirit which informs the whole, is essentially epic and lyrical rather than dramatic, and the words addressed by Ben Jonson to the arch-patriot among English poets, the poet of the *Ballad of Agincourt,* 'his friend, Michael Drayton,' ‡ might more justly be applied to the patriot-dramatist of Agincourt:—

> "LOOK HOW WE READ THE SPARTANS WERE INFLAMED
> WITH BOLD TYRTÆUS' VERSE; WHEN THOU ART NAMED
> SO SHALL OUR ENGLISH YOUTHS URGE ON, AND CRY
> AN AGINCOURT! AN AGINCOURT! OR DIE."

* *Cp. Apology for Poetry* (Arber's *Reprint,* pp. 63, 64).

† Prol. iv. 49-52.

‡ Ben Jonson's '*Vision on the Muses of his Friend, Michael Drayton.*' Jonson seems to have objected to Shakespeare's method in *Henry V.* *Cp.* Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour* (added to the play after 1601):—

> "*He rather prays, you will be pleased to see*
> *One such, to-day, as other plays should be;*
> *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,*" etc.

Towards the end of his career, in his *Winter's Tale,* Shakespeare spoke again, in the person of the Chorus Time, in defence of his "*power to overthrow law and in one self-born hour to plant and o'erwhelm custom*" (*vide* Preface, p. x.).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Soon after his coronation Henry V. resolves to secure his title to the crown and augment his popularity with the masses by the splendours of foreign conquest. Accordingly he lays claim to the throne of France through the medium of the ancient Salic law, and declares war against that country. In answer to his first demands for certain French dukedoms, the Dauphin sends back to him in mockery a bag of tennis-balls—the French heir-apparent believing that he has still to deal with a madcap prince.

II. At this time, however, the young monarch's accession of virtues and regal dignities is a source of marvel and admiration; for he has made good his promise, given upon assuming the crown, to forsake the wild companions of his youth. But Sir John Falstaff cannot fathom the sudden change, and dies of a broken heart.

The King imbues all England with his military enthusiasm. A large army is speedily levied and makes ready to embark at Southampton. The French, growing apprehensive at this warlike display, seek to check the invasion by treacherous means, and bribe three English lords to murder the King at the time of his embarkation. The plot is discovered and the King sentences the traitors to death.

III. King Henry storms the French city of Harfleur, which, lacking support, is forced to capitulate. But sickness and privation now make such inroads upon his army that he finds himself in danger of annihilation at

the hands of a French force led by the Dauphin, outnumbering his own five to one. Nevertheless he does not avoid battle but pitches camp near the French at Agincourt.

IV. The French are so confident of victory that they cast dice for the disposal of the contemplated prisoners. On the English side all is watchfulness and preparation. The King in person goes disguised through his camp to learn the temper of his men. At daybreak the armies meet in the shock of battle. The Dauphin's forces suffer a disgraceful and overwhelming defeat through lack of generalship.

V. The French are forced to sue for peace. King Henry's terms include, among other things, the recognition of himself as heir to the throne of France, and the bestowal upon him of the hand of the Princess Katharine. All the terms are agreed to. The English conquerors are received at the court of France amid protestations of amity, while the English king and the French princess arrive at a mutual understanding of hearts despite their ignorance of tongues.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

France and England.

The principal historical feature [of *Henry V.*], the description of the spirit of the age with its relations to the past, and the character of the two belligerent nations is brought out in a truly dramatic style, by giving the utmost animation to the action. Henry IV., on his deathbed, had counselled his son to engage

> "Giddy minds
> With foreign quarrels."

And, in fact, "giddiness" and vacillation were the leading features in the character of the age; the reason of

this lay not only in the unjust usurpation of Henry IV., which, owing to the close connection existing between the state and its various members, exercised its influence on the barons and people, but also in the progressive development of the state and of the nation itself. The corporative estates of the kingdom, the clergy, knights and burghers, incited by an *esprit de corps* and by their well-ordered organisation, felt their power and endeavoured to assert it, both against the royal power and against one another. Their disputes among one another would have been of more frequent occurrence had it not been for the fact that, in direct contrast to the French nobility, the English barons generally sided with the commoners, so as mutually to protect their rights against the pretensions of the crown. Each of these several parties endeavoured to promote their own interests and to act with the greatest possible amount of freedom; their active strength naturally strove to find a vigorous sphere of action and would have consumed itself, and thus internally destroyed the organism of the state, had it not succeeded in obtaining vent in an outward direction. In France, on the other hand, the vanity, the excessive arrogance of the court, the nobility and the people desired war in order to realise their proud dream of internal and external superiority; the historical course of the nation's culture required that it should be thoroughly humbled by misery and wretchedness, otherwise it would have decayed prematurely through extravagance and effeminate luxury. Moreover in France also, the organism of the state was broken up into so many separate and independent corporations that it required a great and general interest, a great national disaster to preserve their consciousness of mutual dependence and unity.

All this Shakspeare has intimated in a few but vigorous features. But still more clearly are the *characters* of the two *nations* brought forward as the historical motive. The sober, practical patriotism of the English, in the full consciousness of their own strength, could not

tolerate the arrogance, the conceit and the frivolity of the French, of which the Dauphin's contumelious embassy to Henry gives so distinct a reflex. The two nations stood opposed to one another like a couple of men who, in spite of the great difference in their natures, both maintain that they are in the right and aim at the same goal; such natures must necessarily come into conflict.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

III.

The King.

From first to last the one overshadowing character is the King. His irregular, undignified conduct when Prince of Wales would hardly have prepared the people to expect a model king. The prince, however, felt within himself the power to rise above the frivolities of his early life when higher duties called him; and the play abundantly shows how thoroughly he had redeemed himself, rising to such a pitch of glory that in the epilogue to the play he is "the Star of England." The full portrait of him, drawn in an atmosphere of loyalty and patriotism, is in close agreement with that of contemporary writers. As a military leader he exhibited great capacity and foresight; in Holinshed's phrase, "he had indeed a gift to encourage his people." As king, he secured the loyal respect of his people, and their admiration for his piety, justice, and simplicity of character; in these respects he afforded a striking contrast to the crooked ways of his father. A living poet (Mr. William Watson) has said of him:—

> The roystering prince, that afterward
> Belied his madcap youth and proved
> A greatly-simple warrior lord
> Such as our warrior fathers loved,
> Lives he not still?

Henry V., as Shakespeare has portrayed him, will live

in the memory of every reader of the play, not merely as an ideal English warrior king, but as the noblest illustration bequeathed to us by any dramatist of that intense patriotic feeling of Englishmen that reached so high a pitch in Elizabeth's reign, when proud confidence in the strength of English spirit and deep love of their country and queen were fully as earnest and as widely felt as in our own time.

FERGUSON: *The Swan Edition.*

In his courtship and on the day of battle Henry is just as plain a king as if he had "sold his farm to buy his crown." He has shaken off his old dissolute companions, but the remembrances of that simple intercourse are recalled to our mind at every moment. The same inclination to rove about with the common man in his army, the old mildness and familiarity, and the same love for an innocent jest, exist in him now as then, without derogating in the least from his kingly dignity. He leaves his nobles waiting in his tent while he visits the posts of his soldiers; the old habit of night-watching is of use to him now; he sounds the disposition of individuals; he encourages them without high-sounding words; he fortifies them without ostentation; he can preach to them and solve moral scruples, and can make himself intelligible to them; he contrives a trick quite of the old kind in the moment of most gloomy suspense; like a brother, he borrows the cloak of the old Erpingham; he familiarly allows his countryman Fluellen to join freely in his conversation with the herald; and in his short appeal before the battle he declares all to be his brothers who on this Crispin's day shed their blood with him.

This contrast between his repose and calmness and his martial excitement, between his plain homely nature and the kingly heroic spirit which in the moment of action exercises dominion over him, is, however, not the only one in which the Poet has exhibited him. The

night before and the day during the battle, which form the centre of our play, is a period so prominent, and one in which such manifold moods, emotions, and passions, are roused and crossed, that the best opportunity was here afforded to the Poet for exhibiting to our view this many-sided man in all the richness and the diversity of his nature. When the mind is quickened, he himself says, "the organs break up their drowsy grave, and newly move with casted slough and fresh legerity"; and thus is it with him in this great and decisive moment. We see him in a short time alternate between the most different emotions and positions, ever the same master over himself, or we may rather say, over the opportunity and the matter which lie for the moment before him.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

IV.

The Wrath of Henry.

Shortly before the English army sets sail for France, the treason of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey is disclosed to the king. He does not betray his acquaintance with their designs. Surrounded by traitors, he boldly enters his council-chamber at Southampton (the wind is sitting fair, and but one deed remains to do before they go aboard). On the preceding day a man was arrested who had railed against the person of the king. Henry gives orders that he be set at liberty:—

> "We consider
> It was excess of wine that set him on;
> And on his more advice we pardon him."

But Scroop and Grey and Cambridge interpose. It would be true mercy, they insist, to punish such an offender. And then, when they have unawares brought themselves within the range of justice, Henry unfolds their guilt. The wrath of Henry has in it some of that awfulness and terror suggested by the apocalyptic ref-

erence to "the wrath of the Lamb." It is the more terrible because it transcends all egoistic feeling. What fills the king with indignation is not so much that his life should have ben conspired against by men on whom his bounty has been bestowed without measure, as that they should have revolted against the loyalty of man, weakened the bonds of fellowship, and lowered the high tradition of humanity:—

"O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man."

No wonder that the terrible moral insistence of these words can subdue consciences made of penetrable stuff; no wonder that such an awful discovery of high realities of life should call forth the loyalty that lurked within a traitor's heart. But, though tears escape Henry, he cannot relent:—

"Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!"

And, having vindicated the justice of God and purged his country of treason, Henry sets his face to France with the light of splendid achievement in his eyes.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

V.

The Passing of Falstaff.

It is quite remarkable, that for some cause or other the Poet did not make good his promise touching Falstaff. Sir John does not once appear in the play. Perhaps any speculation as to the probable reason of this were more curious than profitable; but we must needs think that when the Poet went to planning the drama he saw the impracticability of making anything more out of him. Sir John's dramatic office and mission were clearly at an end, when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being, as we have seen, to explain the unruly and riotous courses of the prince. Besides, he must needs have had so much of manhood in him as to love the prince, else he had been too bad a man for the prince to be with; and how might his powers of making sport be supposed to survive the shock of being thus discarded by the only person on earth whom he had the virtue to love? To have reproduced him with his wits shattered, had been injustice to him; to have reproduced him with his wits sound and in good repair, had been unjust to the prince.

Falstaff repenting and reforming was indeed a much better man; but then in that capacity he was not for us. So that Shakespeare did well, no doubt, to keep him in retirement where, though his once matchless powers no longer give us pleasure, yet the report of his sufferings gently touches our pity, and recovers him to the breath of our human sympathies. To our sense, therefore, of the matter, the Poet has here drawn the best lesson from him that the subject might yield. We have already seen

that Falstaff's character grows worse and worse up to the close of the preceding play; and it is to be noted how in all that happens to him the being cast off by the prince at last is the only thing that really hurts his feelings. And as this is the only thing that hurts him, so it is the only one that does him any good; for he is strangely inaccessible to inward suffering, and yet nothing but this can make him better. His abuse of Shallow's hospitality is exceedingly detestable, and argues that hardening of all within, which tells far more against a man than almost any amount of mere sensuality. And yet when at last the Hostess tells us "the king has kill'd his heart," what a volume of redeeming matter is suggested concerning him! We then for the first time begin to respect him as a man, because we see that he has a heart as well as a brain, and that it is through his heart that grief is let in upon him, and death gets the mastery of him. And indeed the very absence of any signs of tenderness in all the rest of his course rather favours the notion of there being a secret reserve of it laid up somewhere in him. And notwithstanding they do not respect him, and can at best but stand amazed and bewildered at his overpowering freshets of humour, it is still observable that those who see much of him get strongly attached to him; as if they had a sort of blind instinct that beneath all his overgrowth of sin there were yet some stirrings of truth and good; that the seeds of virtue, though dormant, were still alive within him. This, as hath elsewhere appeared, is especially the case with that strangely interesting creature, the Hostess; and now we can scarce choose but think better of both Falstaff and Bardolph, when, the former having died, and a question having risen as to where he has gone, the latter says, "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is." In Mrs. Quickly's account of his last moments there is a pathos to which we know of nothing similar, and which is as touching as it is peculiar. His character having a tone so original, and a ring so firm and clear, it was but natural that upon

his departure he should leave some audible vibrations in the air behind him. The last of these dies away on the ear some while after, when the learned Welshman, Fluellen, uses him to point a moral; and this reference, so queerly characteristic, is abundantly grateful, as serving to start up a swarm of laughing memories.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Comic Figures.

The popular and comic parts of the drama, although the originality of Falstaff's wit is absent, contains scenes of perfect natural gayety; and the Welshman Fluellen is a model of that serious, ingenious, inexhaustible, unexpected, and jocose military talkativeness which excites at once our laughter and our sympathy.

GUIZOT: *Shakspeare and His Times.*

According to his custom, and in order to preserve continuity of style with the foregoing plays, Shakespeare has interspersed *Henry V.* with comic figures and scenes. Falstaff himself does not appear, his death being announced at the beginning of the play; but the members of his gang wander around, as living and ludicrous mementos of him, until they disappear one by one by way of the gallows, so that nothing may survive to recall the great king's frivolous youth. To console us for their loss, we are here introduced to a new circle of comic figures—soldiers from the different English-speaking countries which make up what we now call the United Kingdom. Each of them speaks his own dialect, in which resides much of the comic effect for English ears. We have a Welshman, a Scot, and an Irishman. The Welshman is intrepid, phlegmatic, somewhat pedantic, but all fire and flame for discipline and righteous-

ness; the Scot is immovable in his equilibrium, even-tempered, sturdy, and trustworthy; the Irishman is a true Celt, fiery, passionate, quarrelsome and apt at misunderstanding. Fluellen, the Welshman, with his comic phlegm and manly severity, is the most elaborate of these figures.

But in placing on the stage these representatives of the different English-speaking peoples, Shakespeare had another and deeper purpose than that of merely amusing his public with a medley of dialects. At that time the Scots were still the hereditary enemies of England, who always attacked her in the rear whenever she went to war, and the Irish were actually in open rebellion. Shakespeare evidently dreamed of a Greater England, as we nowadays speak of a Greater Britain. When he wrote this play, King James of Scotland was busily courting the favour of the English, and the question of the succession to the throne, when the old Queen should die, was not definitely settled. Shakespeare clearly desired that, with the coming of James, the old national hatred between the Scotch and the English should cease.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

The group of English soldiery in the foreground are, after Henry, by far the most detailed figures, and altogether Shakespeare's creation. They provide a new East-cheap in which the king indulges the humanities, without the riots, of the old; and one which, in its relation to the old, gives us a subtle measure of the king's relation to his past. Pistol and Bardolph, the old victims of Falstaff's wit, reappear in their disreputable decay with a congenial third, Nym; but Bardolph promptly falls a victim to Henry's insistence on honour and discipline, and Pistol's moment of hollow triumph is but a prelude to his final humiliation; while the Boy, once a promising pupil of Bardolph's, sums up their character-

istics at the outset (III. ii.) with the honest indignation and the merciless candour of youth. Falstaff himself was deliberately excluded, and the omission is the more glaring since the historic Sir John Fastolfe actually accompanied the expedition, and, as Shakespeare read in Holinshed, was left by Exeter in charge of Harfleur. But with Falstaff, Shakespeare must have felt, there was no middle way between banishment and the old camaraderie. His powerful personality would have violently disturbed the focus of the play, and threatened the supremacy of Henry. In his place we have Fluellen, a less wonderful, but hardly a less finished, creation of comic genius. Falstaff's humour is a dazzling solvent of truth; Fluellen's a whimsical enforcement of it. Falstaff's finest jests are rooted in dishonour and breach of trust; Fluellen's quaint analogies from ancient history are arguments for valour, discipline, and hero-worship.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VII.

The Chorus.

The Poet is as far from speaking personally in the character of the Chorus as in any other; the Chorus expresses himself with a pomp of diction that bespeaks the enthusiasm of a warm partizan, and is indeed little above an idealization of the vulgar, though a vulgar above the lowest sort. He embodies the spirit of the crowd that rush well-dressed to any bustle of external parade, and are ever ready to mistake success for right and splendour for glory, gold chains for judgement and a uniform for a hero. Chorus represents common Opinion, the cloud that diffuses and refracts the radiance of all dashing exploits in whatever cause, and casts withal a haze about some other brilliancies which a sober judgement must take note of for itself. Nothing can differ more in all external respects from the lyric chorus of the Greek trag-

edy, but in this respect it is nearly coincident. Setting aside the formalized misconceptions of Horace as to the function of the Greek chorus, it is clear that from the first instances of its assumption of human as apart from dæmonian nature, it forms the link between the exalted personages of the fable and the spectator, exhibiting the aspect of the theme as received by minds of inferior stamp and order, the unheroic and variously impressible as contrasted with the more fixed and far-seeing participators in the action. In either case there is a liability for too sympathizing criticism to be taken rather with the example than the warning, to acquiesce in the tendencies that yield blame rather than pity to the heroic but unfortunate Antigone, and give applause unmingled with any reservation to the successful bravery and ambition of Henry; but this is a liability that not merely self-respect but also respect for their audiences, forbade to be entertained either by Sophocles or Shakespeare.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Epic Elements.

The prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night-piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the actions described cannot be developed on a narrow stage, and that they must therefore supply from their own imaginations the deficiencies of the representation. As the matter was not properly dramatic, Shakespeare chose to wander in the form also beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing, as a poetical herald, what he could not represent to the eye, rather than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long descriptions in the mouths of the dramatic personages.

The confession of the Poet that "four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill-disposed, can only disgrace the name of Agincourt" (a scruple which he has overlooked in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi), brings us here naturally to the question how far, generally speaking, it may be suitable and advisable to represent wars and battles on the stage. The Greeks have uniformly renounced them: as in the whole of their theatrical system they proceeded on ideas of grandeur and dignity, a feeble and petty imitation of the unattainable would have appeared insupportable in their eyes. With them, consequently, all fighting was merely recounted. The principle of the romantic dramatists was altogether different: their wonderful pictures were infinitely larger than their theatrical means of visible execution; they were everywhere obliged to count on the willing imagination of the spectators ,and consequently the yalso relied on them in this point.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

He proceeded to have a chronicle in hand to the close of his career, but he preserved for this class of work the laxity of evolution and lack of dramatic design which he had learned in his youth; and thus, side by side with plays the prodigious harmony of which Shakespeare alone could have conceived or executed, we have an epical fragment, like *Henry V.*, which is less a drama by one particular poet than a fold of the vast dramatic tapestry woven to the glory of England by the combined poetic patriotism of the Elizabethans. Is the whole of what we read here implicit Shakespeare, or did another hand combine with his to decorate this portion of the gallery? It is impossible to tell, and the reply, could it be given, would have no great critical value. *Henry V.* is not *Othello.*

GOSSE: *Short History of Modern English Literature.*

Comments

Henry V., drawn from the same sources, is a continuation of *Henry IV.*, and presents in the splendid maturity of the king one of Shakespeare's great men of action; a type in which his own time was rich, and in the delineation of which, being himself a man of reflection and expression, the Poet found infinite satisfaction. In this play the events of a reign are grouped for dramatic effectiveness, and war is dramatized on a great scale. The material is essentially epical, but the treatment is so vigorous that the play, while not dramatic in the deepest sense, has the dignity and interest of a drama. The introduction of the Chorus, in which the dramatist speaks in person, shows how deeply he had meditated on his art, and how deliberately he had rejected the conventional unities of time, place, and action for the sake of the higher and more inclusive unity of vital experience. No other play so nobly expresses the deepening of the national consciousness at the end of the sixteenth century, and the rising tide of national feeling. The play is a great national epic; and the secret of the expansion and authority of the English race is to be found in it.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

The Life of
King Henry V.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Fifth.*

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *brothers to the King.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES *the Sixth, King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

The Life of
KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I 'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,

Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The Presence chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant':
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;

Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine;
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,

King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,

Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself;
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there 's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin':
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,

Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts!
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,

Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

ACT SECOND.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we 'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

London. A street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there 's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there 's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.
[*Exeunt Hostess and boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We

must to France together: why the devil should
we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that 's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.
[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be ene-
mies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you
at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that 's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly
to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked
of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most

lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that 's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

Scene II.

Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your majesty: there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scoop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,

Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. Before a tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he 's not in hell: he 's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay':
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.
Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.
Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;

And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We 'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you 'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read

In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

Scene I.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot,
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds: for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service:

their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentle man, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my

particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk,

and, be Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay 'll de gud service, or ay 'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that 's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,

The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.
[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

Scene IV.

The French King's palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de nails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots de-

vant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!—
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and

my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good

truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal;
I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I 'll assure you, a' uttered as brave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his

return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of

Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at

Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise
an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak
upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: Eng-
land shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and
admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ransom; which must proportion the
losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost,
the disgrace we have digested; which in weight
to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For
our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the
effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom
too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and
worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance:
and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his
followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.
So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France

Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent

tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I 'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord Grandpré.
Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.
Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!
Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.
Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.
Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.
Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed: like rotten apples! You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.
Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.
Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.
Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?
Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*

Scene I.

The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon

Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glou. We shall, my liege.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[Exeunt all but King.
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you; God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him

with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left.

I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His

beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as

well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Vill. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Vill. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Vill. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Vill. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Vill. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Vill. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

ates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Re-enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I 'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.

King. "O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear;"

King Henry V. Act 4, Scene 1.

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.
Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our glory will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his host: Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glou. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.
Exe. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Salisbury.*
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

King. "Rather, proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:"

King Henry V. Act 4, Scene 3.

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:

For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd

With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The field of battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites

vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy.
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitain. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I 'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all 's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece

of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there 's not a boy left alive: and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indif-

ferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I 'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an 't please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an 't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some hidden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there is no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Before King Henry's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.
[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment in plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That 's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he 's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you to take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald shews him another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an 't please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum';
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;

As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit.*

Scene I.

France. The English camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb,

he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I 'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice, and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects

You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you': then if you urge me farther than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to

K. Hen. "I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, I love you; then if you urge me further than to say, Do you, in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do."

King Henry V. Act 5, Scene 2.

dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation: only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face

will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to

deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en 23
France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I 24
come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress: take me by the hand, and say 25
'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken 26
English, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs courtsey to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there

is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English? 30

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer 31 you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces. 32

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;

That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!
[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

The Court of Henry V.
From a MS. in Corpus Christi College Library, Cambridge.

Glossary.

A', he (Rowe, "*he*"); II. iii. 11.

Abounding, rebounding, (?) a bounding; (Quartos, "*abundant*"; Theobald, "*a bounding*"); IV. iii. 104.

Abutting, contiguous; Prol. I. 21.

Accept, acceptance (? accepted); V. ii. 82.

Accomplishing, equipping, giving the finishing touches to; Prol. IV. 12.

Accompt, account; Prol. I. 17.

Achievement; "for a.," *i.e.* "instead of achieving a victory" (Malone, others, "to bring the affair to a conclusion"); III. v. 60.

Act, practice, working; I. ii. 189.

Addiction, inclination; I. i. 54

Addrest, ready; III. iii. 58.

Admiration, astonishment; II. ii. 108.

Advance, raise, unfurl; II. ii. 192.

Advantageable, advantageous; V. ii. 88.

Advantages, interest, additions; IV. iii. 50.

Adventures, risks; IV. i. 117.

Advice; "on his more a.," on better consideration; II. ii. 43.
Advised; "be a.," consider; I. ii. 251.
Afeard, afraid; IV. i. 144.
Affiance, confidence; II. ii. 127.
After, afterwards; IV. ii. 59.
All-unable, very weak; Epil. 1.
All-watched, spent in watching; Prol. IV. 38.
Ancient, ensign; II. i. 3.
Annoy, hurt; II. ii. 102.
Another, the other; I. ii. 113.
Answer, be ready for battle; II. iv. 3.
Antics, buffoons (Folios, "*Antiques*"); III. ii. 31.
Apace, quickly; IV. viii. 3.
Appearance, sight, visibleness (Folios 1, 2, "*apparance*"); II. ii. 76.
Appertinents, appurtenances; II. ii. 87.
Apprehension, perception; III. vii. 139.
Approbation, attestation, ratification; I. ii. 19.
Apt, ready; II. ii. 86.
Arbitrement, decision; IV. i. 165.
Argument, cause of quarrel; III. i. 21; theme, III. vii. 37.
Armour, suit of armour; III. vii. 1.
Assays, hostile attempts (Malone, "*essays*"); I. ii. 151.
As were, as though there were; II. iv. 20.
Athwart, across; Prol. V. 9.
Attaint, infection; Prol. IV. 39.
Aunchient, ensign; V. i. 17.
Aunchient lieutenant (so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, "*auncient*"; Malone from Quartos, "*ensign*"); "Ancient," Pistol's title according to Fluellen; III. vi. 13.
Avaunt, away, begone; III. ii. 20.
Awkward, unfair; II. iv. 85.

Balls, (1) eyeballs, (2) cannon-balls; V. ii. 17.
Balm, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. i. 269.
Bankrupt (Folios, "*banqu'rout*"); IV. ii. 43.
Bar, impediment, exception; I. ii. 35; "barrier, place of congress" (Johnson); V. ii. 27.
Barbason, the name of a fiend; II. i. 56.
Basilisks, (1) serpents who were supposed to kill by a glance; (2) large cannon; used in both senses of the word; V. ii. 17.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth cent.

Bate, flap the wings, as the hawk does when, unhooded, she tries to fly at the game (used quibblingly); III. vii. 116.

Battle, army; Prol. IV. 9.

Bawcock, a term of endearment; III. ii. 24.

Beaver, visor of a helmet; IV. ii. 44.

Become, grace; I. ii. 8.

Before-breach, breach committed in former time; IV. i. 177.

Beguiling, deceiving; IV. i. 169.

Bending, bending beneath the burden of the task (Warburton conj. "*blending*") Epil. 2.

Bend up, strain (like a bow); III. i. 16.

Bent, (1) glance, (2) aim; V. ii. 16.

Beshrew, a mild oath; V. ii. 237.

Besmirch'd, soiled, stained; IV. iii. 110.

Best, bravest; III. ii. 38.

Bestow yourself, repair to your post; IV. iii. 68.

Blood, temperament, passion; II. ii. 133.

Bloody, bloodthirsty; II. iv. 51.

——, "b. flag," *i.e.* signal of bloody war; I. ii. 101.

Bolted, sifted; II. ii. 137.

Bonnet, covering of the head, cap; IV. i. 218.

Book, to register; IV. vii. 76.

Boot; "make b.," make booty; I. ii. 194.

Bootless, uselessly; III. iii. 24.

Bottoms, ships, vessels; Prol. III. 12.

Bound; "b. my horse," *i.e.* make my horse curvet; V. ii. 142.

Braggart, boaster (Folios, "*Braggard*"); II. i. 63.

Brave, bravely decked, finely appointed; Prol. III. 5.

Bravely, making a fine show; IV. iii. 69.

Break, rend, III. iii. 40; disclose, V. ii. 260.

Breath, breathing time; II. iv. 145.

Brim (used adjectivally); I. ii. 150, 151.

Bring, accompany; II. iii. 1.

Broached, spitted; Prol. V. 32.

Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'" (Chappell; W. A. Wright); V. ii. 258.

Bruised, battered, dented; Prol. V. 18.

Bubukles, a corruption of carbuncles (Quartos, "*pumples*"; Capell, "*pupuncles*"); III. vi. 107.

Buffet, box; V. ii. 141.

Bully, dashing fellow; IV. i. 48.

Burnet, the name of a herb (*sanguisorba officinalis*); V. ii. 49.

But, used after a strong asseveration; III. v. 12.

Cadwallader, the last of the Welsh Kings; V. i. 28.

Capet, i.e. Hugh Capet, the ancestor of the French Kings; I. ii. 78.

Capital, chief; V. ii. 96.

Captived, taken captive; II. iv. 55.

Career, race (Folios 1, 2, "*Carriere*"); III. iii. 23.

Careers, gallopings of a horse backwards and forwards; a course run at full speed; "passes careers" probably = "indulges in sallies of wit"; II. i. 130.

Careful, full of care; IV. i. 240.

Carefully, "more than c.," *i.e.* "with more than common care"; II. iv. 2.

Carry coals, pocket insults; III. ii. 49.

Case, set of four; a musical allusion; III. ii. 4.

Casques, helmets (Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Caskes,*" Folio 4, "*Casket*"); Prol. I. 13.

Casted, cast, cast off; IV. i. 23.

Chace, a term in the game of tennis; a match played at tennis; I. ii. 266.

Chanced, happened; Prol. V. 40.

Charge, load, burden; I. ii. 15.

Chattels, goods generally; II. iii. 50.

Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 192.

Childeric, the Merovingian king; I. ii. 65.

Choler, wrath, anger; IV. vii. 188.

Christom, "a white vesture put upon the child after baptism; in the bills of mortality such children as died within the month were called "*chrisoms*" (Quartos 1, 3, "*crysombd,*" Johnson, "*chrisom*"); II. iii. 12.

Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 25.

Clear thy crystals, "dry thine eyes"; II. iii. 56.

Close, cadence, union (Folio 2, "*cloze*"); I. ii. 182.

Cloy'd, surfeited, satiated; II. ii. 9.

Comes o'er, reminds, taunts; I. ii. 267.

Companies, company, companions; I. i. 55.

Compassing, obtaining; IV. i. 303.

Compelled, enforced, exacted; III. vi. 114.

Complement, external appearance (Theobald, "*compliment*"); II. ii. 134.

Compound with, come to terms with; IV. vi. 33.

Con, learnt by heart; III. vi. 78.

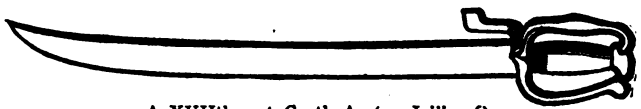
Condition, temper, character; V. ii. 305.

Condole, lament, sympathize with; II. i. 131.

Conduct; "safe c.," escort, guard; I. ii. 297.

Confounded, ruined, wasted; III. i. 13.

Congreeing, agreeing (Pope, "*Congruing,*" Quartos, "*Congrueth*"); I. ii. 182.
Congreeted, greeted each other; V. ii. 31.
Conscience, inmost thoughts, private opinion; IV. i. 119.
Consent, harmony, a musical term, I. ii. 181; unity of opinion, II. ii. 22.
Consideration, meditation, reflection; I. i. 28.
Consign, agree; V. ii. 90.
Constant, unshaken; II. ii. 133.
Constraint, compulsion; II. iv. 97.
Contemplation, observation; I. i. 63.
Contrariously, in contrary ways; I. ii. 206.
Contrived, plotted; IV. i. 168.
Convey'd, secretly contrived to pass off; I. ii. 74.
Convoy, conveyance; IV. iii. 37.
Coranto, a quick and lively dance (Johnson's emendation of Folios, "*Carranto*"); III. v. 33.
Corroborate (one of Pistol's meaningless words); II. i. 128.
Couch down, crouch down, stoop down; IV. ii. 37.
Coulter, plough-share (Folios, "*Culter*"); V. ii. 46.
Counterfeit, dissembling; V. i. 72.
Couple a gorge! = coupe la gorge, perhaps merely Pistol's blunder; II. i. 74.
Coursing, hunting after booty, marauding; I. ii. 143.
Courtsey, bow, yield (Folios, "*cursie*"); V. ii. 285.
Cousin, used as a title of courtesy; I. ii. 4.
Coz, cousin (Folios, "*couze*"); IV. iii. 30.
Create, created; II. ii. 31.
Crescive, growing (Folios, 1, 2, 3, "*cressiue*"; Folio 4, *crescive*); I. i. 66.
Crispin Crispian, two brothers who suffered martyrdom; the patron saints of shoemakers; IV. iii. 57.
Crush'd, forced, strained (Quartos, Pope, "*curst,*"; Warburton, "*'scus'd*"); I. ii. 175.
Cullions, base wretches; a term of abuse; III. ii. 21.
Cunning, skill; V. ii. 146.
Currance, current, flow (Folio 1, "*currance*"; Folios 2, 3, "*currant*"; Folio 4, "*current*"); I. i. 34.
Cursorary, cursory (Folios, "*cursel arie*"); V. ii. 77.
Curtains, banners, used contemptuously; IV. ii. 41.
Curtle-axe, a corruption of cutlass, a broad, curved sword; IV. ii. 21.



A XVIIth cent. Curtle-Ax (see I. iii. 116).

Dalliance, trifling, toying; Prol. II. 2.
Dare, make to crouch in fear; a term of falconry; IV. ii. 36.
Dark, darkness; Prol. IV. 2.
Dauphin, the heir-apparent to the throne of France (Folios, Quartos, "*Dolphin*"); I. ii. 221.
Dear, grievous; II. ii. 181.
Defendant, defensive; II. iv. 8.
Defensible, capable of offering resistance; III. iii. 50.
Defunction, death; I. ii. 58.
Degree; "of his d.," *i.e.* "of one of his rank"; IV. vii. 143.
Deracinate, uproot; V. ii. 47.
Diffused, wild, disordered; Folios 1, 2, "*defus'd*"); V. ii. 61.
Digest, reduce to order (Pope, "*well digest,*" for "*we'll digest*"); Prol. II. 31.
Digested, concocted; II. ii. 56.
Discuss, explain; III. ii. 65.
Dishonest, immoral, unchaste (so Holinshed's 2nd edition; Capell, from Holinshed's 1st edition, "*unhonest*"); I. ii. 49.
Distemper, mental derangement, perturbation; II. ii. 54.
Distressful, hard earned (Collier MS., "*distasteful*"); IV. i. 279.
Dout, extinguish; put out; IV. ii. 11.
Down-roping, hanging down in filaments; IV. ii. 48.
Drench, physic for a horse; III. v. 19.
Dress us, address ourselves, prepare ourselves; IV. i. 10.
Dull'd, made insensible (Folios 3, 4, "*lull'd*"; Steevens, "*dol'd*"); II. ii. 9.

Earnest, earnest money, money paid beforehand in pledge of a bargain; II. ii. 169.
Eke out, piece, lengthen out (Pope's emendation, Folio 1, "*eech*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*ech*"); Prol. III. 35.
Element, sky; IV. i. 103.
Embassy, message, I. i. 95; mission, I. ii. 240.
Embattled, arrayed for battle; IV. ii. 14.
Empery, empire; I. ii. 226.
Emptying, issue; III. v. 6.
End, end of matter (Steevens, from Quartos, "*the humour of it*"); II. i. 10.
English, i.e. English King, or General; II. iv. 1.
Englutted, engulfed, swallowed up; IV. iii. 83.
Enlarge, release from prison, set at liberty; II. ii. 40.
Enow, enough; IV. i. 232.
Enrounded, surrounded; Prol. IV. 36.
Enscheduled, formally drawn up in writing; V. ii. 73.
Estate, state; IV. i. 96.
Even, "the e. of it," just what it is; II. i. 126.
Evenly, directly, in a straight line; II. iv. 91.
Even-pleach'd, evenly interturned; V. ii. 42.

Exception, disapprobation, objections; II. iv. 34.
Executors, executioners; I. ii. 203.
Exhale, draw (according to Steevens, "die"); II. i. 65.
Exhibiters, the introducers of a bill to Parliament; I. i. 74.
Expedience, expedition; IV. iii. 70.
Expedition, march; II. ii. 191.

Faced, outfaced (used quibblingly); III. vii. 86.
Faculty, latent power; I. i. 66.
Fain, gladly, willingly; I. i. 85.
Fantastically, capriciously; II. iv. 27.
Farced, "f. title," "stuffed out with pompous phrases" (alluding perhaps to the herald going before the King to proclaim his full title); IV. i. 272.
Fatal and neglected, i.e. "fatally neglected; neglected to our destruction"; II. iv. 13.
Favour, appearance, aspect; V. ii. 63.
Fear'd, frightened; I. ii. 155.
Fell, cruel; III. iii. 17.
Fer, a word (probably meaningless) coined by Pistol, playing upon "Monsieur le Fer"; IV. iv. 27.
Ferret, worry (as a ferret does a rabbit); IV. iv. 28.
Fet, fetched; III. i. 18.
Fetlock, hair behind the pastern joint of horses; IV. vii. 82.
Few; "in f.," in brief, in a few words; I. ii. 245.

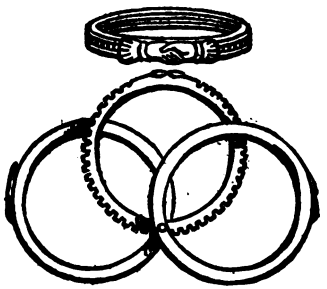
Figo, a term of contempt, accompanied by a contemptuous gesture; the word and habit came from Spain; hence "the fig of Spain" (Ornaments similar to the one here represented were much favoured in the XVIth century); III. vi. 59.

From an original specimen.

Fig of Spain, possibly an allusion to the poisoned figs given by Spaniards to the objects of their revenge (Steevens); according to others, = figo; III. vi. 61.
Find, furnish, provide (Quartos, Pope, "*fine*"); I. ii. 72.
Find-faults, fault-finders; V. ii. 289.
Finer end, probably Mrs. Quickly's error for "final end"; II. iii. 11.
Firk, beat, drub (Pistol's cant); IV. iv. 27.
Fits, befits, becomes; II. iv. 11.

Flesh'd, fed with flesh like a hound trained for the chase, II. iv. 50; hardened in bloodshed, III. iii. 11.
Flexure, bending; IV. i. 264.
Floods, rivers; I. ii. 45.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys, the emblem of France; V. ii. 219.
Footed, landed; II. iv. 143.
For; "cold f. action," *i.e.* cold for want of action; I. ii. 114.
'Fore God, before God, a mild oath; II. ii. 1.
Forespent, past; II. iv. 36.
For us, as for us, as regards ourself; II. iv. 113.
Fox, sword; IV. iv. 8.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 128.
France, the King of France; Prol. II. 20.
Freely, liberally; I. ii. 231.
French; "the French" = the French King, or general; IV. iv. 77.
French hose, wide loose breeches; III. vii. 55.
Fret, chafe; IV. vii. 82.
Friend, befriend; IV. v. 17.
Fright, frighten; V. ii. 241.
From; "f. the answer" beyond, above answering the challenge; IV. vii. 142.
Full-fraught, fully freighted, fully laden with all virtues; II. ii. 139.
Fumitory, the name of a plant (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*fementary*"); V. iii. 45.

Gage, pledge; IV. i. 217.
Galled, worn away; III. i. 12.
Galliard, a nimble and lively dance; I. ii. 252.
Galling, harassing, I. ii. 151; scoffing, V. i. 77.
Gamester, player; III. vi. 118.
Garb, style; V. i. 79.
Gentle, make gentle, ennoble; IV. iii. 63.
Gentles, gentlefolks; Prol. I. 8.
Gesture, bearing; Prol. IV. 25.
Giddy, hot-brained, inconstant; I. ii. 145.
Gilt, used with a play upon "guilt"; Prol. II. 26.
Gimmal bit, a bit consisting of rings or links (Folios, "*Iymold*"); IV. ii. 49. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a silver gilt specimen in the Londesborough collection.

Girded, enclosed, besieged; Prol. III. 27.
Gleaned, bare of defenders, undefended; I. ii. 151.
Gleeking, scoffing; V. i. 77.
Glistering, glittering, shining; II. ii. 117.
Gloze, interpret; I. ii. 40.
Go about, attempt; IV. i. 208.

God before, before God I swear; I. ii. 307.
God-den, good evening, I wish good evening; III. ii. 89.
Good leave, permission; V. ii. 98.
Gordian knot, "the celebrated knot of the Phrygian King Gordius, untied by Alexander"; I. i. 46.
Grace, ornament; Prol. II. 28.
Grant; "in g. of," by granting; II. iv. 121.
Grasing (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*grasing*"; Folio 1, "*crasing*"); IV. iii. 105.
Greenly, sheepishly, foolishly; V. ii. 145.
Groat, a coin worth four pence; V. i. 60.
Gross, palpable; II. ii. 103.
Guidon, standard (Folios, "*Guard: on*"); IV. ii. 60.
Gulf, whirlpool; II. iv. 10.
Gun-stones, cannon balls, which were originally made of stone; I. ii. 282.

Had, would have; IV. i. 289.
Haggled, cut, mangled; IV. vi. 11.
Hampton, Southampton; II. ii. 91.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 51.
Handle, talk of; II. iii. 39.
Haply, perhaps, perchance (Folio 1, "*Happily*"; Folios 2, 3, "*Happely*"); V. ii. 93.
Hard-favour'd, ugly; III. i. 8.
Hardiness, hardihood, bravery; I. ii. 220.
Harfleur (Folios, "*Harflew*"); Prol. III. 17, etc.
Hazard (technical term of tennis); I. ii. 263.
Head; "in h.," in armed force; II. ii. 18.
Heady, headstrong (Folio 1, "*headly*"; Capell conj. "*deadly*"); III. iii. 32.
Heaps; "on heaps"; in heaps; V. ii. 39.
Hearts, courage, valour; IV. i. 301.
Held, withheld, kept back; II. iv. 94.
Helm, helmet; IV. vii. 163.
Heroical, heroic; II. iv. 59.
Hilding, mean, base (Prof. Skeat makes *hilding* a contraction for *hildering* = M.E., *hinderling* = base, degenerate); IV. ii. 29.
Hilts, a sword; used as singular; Prol. II. 9.
His, its; I. i. 66.
Honour-owing, honourable; IV. vi. 9.

From MS. Sloane 3794 (*temp.* Elizabeth).

Hooded; "a h. valour," *i.e.* covered, hidden as the hawk is hooded till it was let fly at the game; a term of falconry (used quibblingly); III. vii. 115.
Hoop, shout with surprise (Folios 1, 2, "*hoope*"; Theobald, "*whoop*"); II. ii. 108.
Hound of Crete, (?) bloodhound (perhaps mere Pistolian rant); II. i. 76.
Humorous, capricious; II. iv. 28.
Humour, II. i. 57, 62, 73 (used by Nym).
Husbandry, thrift, IV. i. 7; tillage, V. ii. 39.
Huswife, hussy; V. i. 84.
Hydra-headed, alluding to the many headed serpent, which put forth new heads as soon as the others were struck off; I. i. 35.
Hyperion, the god of the Sun (Folio 1, "*Hiperio*"); IV. i. 284.

Iceland dog (*v.* Note); II. i. 43.
Ill-favouredly, in an ugly manner; IV. ii. 40.
Imaginary, imaginative; Prol. I. 18.
Imagined; "i. wing," *i.e.* the wings of imagination; Prol. III. 1.
Imbar, (?) bar, exclude; or, (?) secure (*v.* Note); I. ii.
Imp, scion, shoot; IV. i. 45.
Impawn, pawn, pledge; I. ii. 21.
Impeachment, hindrance; III. vi. 150.
In, into; I. ii. 184.
In, by reason of; I. ii. 193.
Incarnate, misunderstood by Mistress Quickly for the colour, and confused with "carnation"; II. iii. 34.
Inconstant, fickle; Prol. III. 15.
Indirectly, wrongfully; II. iv. 94.
Infinite, boundless; V. ii. 159.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 95.
Inly, inwardly; Prol. IV. 24.
Instance, cause, motive; II. ii. 119.
Intendment, bent, aim; I. ii. 144.
Intertissued, interwoven; IV. i. 271.
Into, unto; I. ii. 102.
Is (so Folios; Quartos, "*are*") = are (by attraction); I. ii. 243.
Issue, pour forth tears; IV. vi. 34.
It, its; V. ii. 40.

Jack-an-apes, monkey; V. ii. 143.
Jack-sauce, Saucy Jack; IV. vii. 148.
Jades, a term of contempt or pity, for ill-conditioned horses; IV. ii. 46.
Jealousy, suspicion, apprehension; II. ii. 126.
Jewry, Judea; III. iii. 40.
Just, exact, precise; IV. vii. 122.
Jutty, project beyond; III. i. 13.

Kecksies, dry hemlock stems (Folios 1, 2, "*keksyes*"); V. ii. 52.

Kern; "k. of Ireland," a light-armed Irish soldier; III. vii. 55. (*Cp.* illustration in *Richard II.*)

Larding, enriching, fattening (Collier MS., "*Loading*"); IV. vi. 8.

Late, lately appointed; II. ii. 261.

Lavolta, a *waltz-like* kind of dance; III. v. 33.

Lay apart, put off, lay aside; II. iv. 78.

Lay down, estimate; I. ii. 137.

Lazars, beggars, especially lepers; I. i. 15.

Leas, arable land; V. ii. 44.

Legerity, alacrity, lightness (Folios 3, 4, "*celerity*"); IV. i. 23.

Let, hindrance, impediment; V. ii. 65.

Lief, gladly, willingly (Folio 1, "*liue,*" Folios 3, 4, "*lieve*"); III. vii. 61.

Lieu, "in l. of this," *i.e.* in return for this; I. ii. 255.

Lig, lie; III. ii. 123.

Like, likely; I. i. 3.

Likelihood, probability; Prol. V. 29.

Likes, pleases; Prol. III. 32.

Likes me, pleases me; IV. i. 16.

Line, pedigree (Quartos, "*lines*"); II. iv. 88.

Line, strengthen; II. iv. 7.

Lineal, lineally descended; in the direct line of descent; I. ii. 82.

Lingare, Charlemagne's fifth wife (according to Ritson); I. ii. 74.

Linger on, prolong, draw out; Prol. II. 31.

Linstock, the stick which holds the gunner's match; Prol. III. 33.

List, boundary, limit; V. ii. 287.

——, listen to; I. i. 43.

Lob down, droop; IV. ii. 47.

Lodging, entering into the fold; III. vii. 34.

'Long, belong (Folios, "*longs*"); II. iv. 80.

Loosed, loosened, shot off; I. ii. 207.

Luxurious, lustful; IV. iv. 18.

Luxury, lust; III. v. 6.

Majestical, majestic; Prol. III. 16.

Marches, borders, border-country; I. ii. 140.

Masters, possesses, is master of (Quartos, "*musters*"); II. iv. 137.

Maw, stomach; II. i. 51.

May, can; Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 100.

Measure, dancing (used equivocally); V. ii. 137.

Meet, seemly, proper; II. iv. 15.

Meeter, more fit; I. ii. 254.

Mercenary blood, blood of mercenaries, hired soldiers; IV. vii. 79.

Mervailous, one of Pistol's words (Folios 3, 4, "*marvellous*"); II. i. 49.

Mickle, much, great; II. i. 69.

Might, could; IV. v. 21.
Mind, remind; IV. iii. 13.
Minding, remembering, calling to mind; Prol. IV. 53.
Miscarry, die, perish; IV. i. 152.
Miscreate, falsely invented; I. ii. 16.
Mistful, blinded by tears (Folios, "*mixtful*"); IV. iv. 34.
Mistook, mistaken; III. vi. 84.
Mistress-court, suggested by the game of tennis; II. iv. 133.
Model, image; Prol. II. 16.
Monmouth caps, "the best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Cappers' Chapel doth still remain" (Fuller's *Worthies of Wales*); IV. vii. 104.

Monmouth cap.
From a portrait of Sir William Stanley (*temp.* Elizabeth).

Morris-dance, an old dance on festive occasions, as at Whitsuntide; the reason for its connection with "Moorish" is not quite clear; perhaps from the use of the tabor as an accompaniment to it; II. iv. 25.

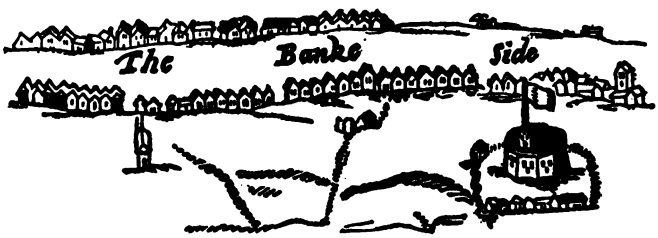
Whitsun Morris dance.
From a XVIIth-century woodcut.

Mortified, killed; I. i. 26.
Mould; "men of m.," men of earth, poor mortals; III. ii. 22.
Mounted (technical term of falconry); IV. i. 107.
Moys = "*muys,* or *muids*" (according to Cotgrave) = about five quarters English measure; 27 moys = two tons (Donce) (not *moi d'or* as Johnson suggested, a coin of Portuguese origin unknown in Shakespeare's time); IV. iv. 12.
Much at one, much about the same; V. ii. 200.

Narrow, "n. ocean," *i.e.* the English Channel; Prol. I. 22.
Native; "n. punishment," *i.e.* inflicted in their own country; IV. i. 173.
Natural, consonant to nature; II. ii. 107.
Net, specious sophistry; I. ii. 93.
New, anew; IV. i. 304.

Nice, trivial, prudish; V. ii. 285.
Nicely, sophistically, I. ii. 15; fastidiously, V. ii. 94.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; II. i. 110.
Nook-shotten; "n. isle," *i.e.* "Isle spawned in a corner, or flung into a corner" (Warburton and others, "an isle shooting out into capes, promontories, etc."); III.v.14.
Note, notice, intelligence, II. ii. 6; sign, Prol. IV. 35.
Nothing; "offer n.," *i.e.* no violence; II. i. 41.

O; "wooden O.," *i.e.* the Globe Theatre, which was of wood and circular in shape inside, though externally octagonal; the sign of the Globe was a figure of Hercules supporting the Globe, with the motto, "Totus mundus agit histrionem"; it is difficult to determine whether the name suggested the sign or *vice versa*; Prol. I. 13.
Odds, discord, contention; II. iv. 126.
O'erblows, blows away; III. iii. 31.
O'erwhelm, overhang, hang down upon; III. i. 11.
Of, against (Quartos, "*on*"), II. iii. 29, 31; with, III. vii. 9; for, IV. i. 109.
On, of; V. ii. 23.
Ooze, soft mud (Quartos, Folios, "*owse*"); I. ii. 164.
Order, arrange; Prol. V. 39.
Ordnance, cannon (Folios, "*Ordinance*"; Quartos, "*ordenance*"); trisyllabic; II. iv. 126.
Orisons, prayers; II. ii. 53.
Ostent, external show; Prol. V. 21.
Out, fully, completely; IV. i. 166.
Over-bears, subdues, bears down; Prol. IV. 39.
Overlook, rise above, overtop (Quartos, "*outgrow*"); III. v. 9.
Over-lusty, too lively; Prol. IV. 18.



The Globe Theatre.
From an early undated drawing in the British Museum.

Overshot, beaten in shooting, put to shame; III. vii. 128.

Paction, alliance (Theobald's emendation; Folios 1, 2, "*pation*"; Folios 3, 4, "*passion*"); V. ii. 384.

Paly, pale; Prol. IV. 8.

Paper; "thy cheeks are p.," *i.e.* white as paper, pale; II. ii. 74.

Parca, one of the three Fates who spin the threads of life; V. i. 21.

Parle, parley; III. iii. 2.

Parley, conference; III. ii. 146.

Part, aside; I. i. 73.

Parts, divisions in music; I. ii. 181, from Holinshed.

Pass, passage; Prol. II. 39.

Passes, v. "careers."

Pasterns, legs (Folio 1, "*postures*"); III. vii. 13.

Pauca, in few words; II. i. 82.

Pax, a mistake for "pix," the box containing the consecrated host ("pax" = the small piece of wood or metal, impressed with the figure of Christ, which the laity kissed) (Quartos, "*packs*"; Theobald, from Holinshed, "*pix*"); III. vi. 42.

Pay, repay, requite; IV. i. 205.

Peer, appear; IV. vii. 88.

Peevish, foolish; III. vii. 136.

Pepin, "King P.," the founder of the Carlovingian dynasty; I. ii. 65.

Perdition, loss; III. vi. 102.

Perdurable, lasting; IV. v. 7.

Perdy, par Dieu, by God; II. i. 51.

Peremptory, decisive; V. ii. 82.

Perforce, of necessity; V. ii. 157.

Perspectively, as in a perspective picture; V. ii. 339.

Pharamond, a King of the Franks; I. ii. 37.

Pibble pabble, idle prattle; IV. i. 71.

Pioners, pioneers; III. ii. 91.

Pitch and pay, a proverbial saying, = "pay ready money"; II. iii. 51.

Pith, force, strength; Prol. III. 21.

Plain-song, simple air without variations; a musical term; III. ii. 6.

Play, play for; Prol. IV. 19.

Pleasant, merry, facetious; I. ii. 281.

Pleaseth, may it please; V. ii. 78.

Poison'd, poisonous; IV. i. 260.

Policy; "cause of p.," political question; I. i. 45.

Popular, vulgar, plebeian; IV. i. 38.

Popularity, publicity; I. i. 59.

Port, deportment, carriage; Prol. I. 6.

Portage, porthole; "p. of the head," *i.e.* eye; III. i. 10.

Possess, affect, fill; IV. i. 111.

Practic, practical; I. i. 51.

Practices, plots; II. ii. 90.

Precepts, commands, summons; III. iii. 26.

Preposterously, against the natural order of things; II. ii. 112.

Prescript, prescribed; III. vii. 48.

Presence; "in p.," present; II. iv. 111.
Present, immediate; II. iv. 67.
Presenteth, shews (Folios, "*Presented*"); Prol. IV. 27.
Presently, immediately, now, at once; II. i. 92.
Prey; "in p.," in search of prey; I. ii. 169.
Prise, estimate, rate; II. iv. 119.
Proceeding on, caused by; II. ii. 54.
Projection, plain calculation; II. iv. 46.
Proportion, be proportioned to; III. vi. 133.
Proportions, calculation, necessary numbers; I. ii. 137.
Puissance, power, armed force; Prol. I. 25.
Puissant, powerful, valiant; I. ii. 116.

Qualtitie calmie custure me! IV. iv. 3 (*vide* Note).
Question, discussion; I. i. 5.
Quick, alive, living; II. ii. 79.
Quit, acquit; II. ii. 166.
Quittance, requital, recompense; II. ii. 34.
Quotidian tertian, Mrs. Quickly's confusion of *quotidian* fever (*i.e.* marked by *daily* paroxysms), and *tertian* fever (*i.e.* marked by paroxysms recurring *every three days*); II. i. 122.

Raught, reached (Folios 3, 4, "*caught*"); IV. vi. 21.
Rawly, without due provision; IV. i. 143.
Reduce, reconduct, bring back; V. ii. 63.
Relapse of mortality, a rebound of death; IV. iii. 107.
Remembering, reminding; Prol. V. 43.
Rendezvous, one of Nym's blunders (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*rendeuous*"); II. i. 17.
Renowned, made renowned; I. ii. 118.
Repent, regret; II. ii. 152.
Requiring, asking; II. iv. 101.
Resolved, satisfied; I. ii. 4.
Respect, reason, consideration; V. i. 74.
Rest, resolve (= stake, wager; technical term of the old game of primers); II. i. 16.
Retire, retreat; IV. iii. 86.
Returns, answers; III. iii. 46.
Rheumatic, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *lunatic*; II. iii. 40.
Rim, midriff; IV. iv. 13.
Rites, ceremonies, sacred observances (Folios, "*Rights*"); IV. viii. 125.
Rivage, sea-shore; Prol. III. 14.
Road, inroad, incursions; I. ii. 138.
Robustious, sturdy; III. vii. 153.
Root upon, take root in; V. ii. 46.
Roping, hanging down; III. v. 23.
Round; "too r.," too plain-spoken; IV. i. 212.
Rub, hindrance, impediment; II. ii. 188.

Sad-eyed, grave-looking; I. ii. 202.

Safeguard, defend, keep safe; I. ii. 176.
Salique; "the law s.," the law appertaining to the Salic tribe of the Franks which excluded females from succeeding to the throne; I. ii. 11.
Sand, sand-bank; IV. i. 97.
Satisfaction, conviction (Pope reads from Hall, "*possession*"); I. ii. 88.
Savagery, wild growth; V. ii. 47.
'Sblood, a corruption of *God's blood*; IV. viii. 9.
Scaffold, stage; Prol. I. 10.
Scambling, scrambling, turbulent, I. i. 4; struggling, V. ii. 213.
Scions, originally small twigs from one tree grafted upon another (Folios, "*Syens*"); III. v. 7.
Sconce, earthwork; III. vi. 75.
Seat, throne; I. i. 88.
Security, over-confidence; II. ii. 44.
Self, self-same; I. i. 1.
Set, set out; Prol. II. 34.
Severals, details; I. i. 86.
Shales, shells; IV. ii. 18.
She, woman; II. i. 82.
Shog off, jog off, move off; a cant term; II. i. 47.
Shows, appearance; I. ii. 72.
Shows, appears; IV. i. 103.
Shrewdly, viciously; III. vii. 51.
Signal, symbol of victory; Prol. V. 21.
Signs of war, standards, ensigns; II. ii. 192.
Silken, effeminate; Prol. II. 2.
Sinfully, in a state of sin; IV. i. 152.
Sinister, unfair; II. iv. 85.
Skirr, scurry, move rapidly (Folios, "*sker*"); IV. vii. 64.
Slips, leash; III. i. 31.
Slobbery, wet and foul (Quartos, "*foggy*"); III. v. 13.
Slovenry, slovenliness, want of neatness; IV. iii. 114.
Snatchers, pilferers, free-booters (Quartos, "*sneakers*"); I. ii. 143.
Soft, gentle, tender-hearted; III. iii. 48.
Sonance, sound (Folios, "*Sonuance*"); IV. ii. 35.
Sooth, truth; III. vi. 150.
Sort, rank, degree, IV. vii. 142; style, array, Prol. V. 25.
Sorts, various ranks (Quartos, Theobald, "*sort*"; Collier MS., "*state*"; Keightly, "*all sorts*"); I. ii. 190.
Sorts, agrees, fits; IV. i. 63.
Soul; "thy s. of adoration," the quintessence of the adoration you enjoy (Folio 1, "*What? is thy Soule of Odoration?*"); IV. i. 254.
Speculation, looking on; IV. ii. 31.
Spend; "s. their mouths"; waste, a term of the chase, II. iv. 70; III. iii. 24.
Spiritualty, the spiritual peers, the clergy (Folios 3, 4, "*Spirituality*"); I. ii. 132.
Spital, hospital; II. i. 77.
Sprays, branches, shoots; III. v. 5.

Staines, first stage on the road from London to Southampton; II. iii. 2.
Stands off, stand out, be prominent (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*stand off*"); II. ii. 103.
Starts; "by s.," by fits, "by a fragmentary representation"; Epil. 4.
Stay, wait; IV. ii. 56.
Sternage; "to s. of," astern of; Prol. III. 18.
Still, continually, incessantly; I. ii. 145.
Stilly, softly; Prol. IV. 5.
Stood on, insisted upon; V. ii. 94.
Stoop, a term of falconry; a hawk is said "to stoop," when, "aloft upon her wing, she descends to strike her prey"; IV. i. 108.
Straight, straightway, at once; II. ii. 191.
Strain, stock, race; II. iv. 51.
Stretch, open wide; II. ii. 55.
Strossers; "straight str.," tight breeches (Theobald, "*trossers*"; Hanmer, "*trousers*"); III. vii. 56.
Struck, fought; II. iv. 54.
Subscribed, signed; V. ii. 354.
Succours; "of s.," for succour (Rowe, "*of whom succours*"); III. iii. 45.
Suddenly, soon, quickly; V. ii. 81.
Sufferance; "by his s.," by his being suffered to go unpunished; II. ii. 46.
——, suffering the penalty; II. ii. 159.
Suggest, tempt, seduce; II. ii. 114.
Sumless, inestimable; I. ii. 165.
Supply; "for the which s.," for the supply of which; Prol. I. 31.
Sur-rein'd, over-ridden, knocked up; III. v. 19.
Sutler, a seller of provisions and liquors to a camp; II. i. 114.
Swashers, bullies; III. ii. 29.
Swelling, growing in interest; Prol. I. 4.
Swill'd with, greedily gulped down by; III. i. 14.
Sworn brothers, bosom friends, pledged comrades; II. i. 12.
Sympathize with, agree with, resemble; III. vii. 152.

Take, take fire (Quartos, Capell, "*talk*"), II. i. 54; catch, meet, IV. i. 228.
Tall, valiant, brave; II. i. 71.
Tartar, Tartarus, hell; II. iii. 123.
Taste, experience; II. ii. 51.
Taste, feel, experience; IV. vii. 68.
Teems brings forth; V. ii. 51.
Tell; 'I cannot tell," I do not know what to say; II. i. 21.
Temper, disposition; V. ii. 149.
Temper'd, moulded, wrought upon, influenced; II. ii. 118.
Tender, have a care for; II. ii. 175.
Tenours, purport (Folios, "*Tenures*"); V. ii. 72.
That, so that; I. i. 47.
Theoric, theory; I. i. 52.

Threaden, made of thread; Prol. III. 10.
Tiddle taddle, tittle-tattle; IV. i. 71.
Tike, cur; II. i. 30.
To, against, II. i. 12; as, Prol. III. 30; for, III. vii. 60.
To-morrow; "on t.," *i.e.* on the morrow, in the morning; III. vi. 180.
Treasuries, treasures; I. ii. 165.
Troth-plight, troth-plighted, betrothed; II. i. 20.
Trumpet, trumpeter; IV. ii. 61; IV. vii. 59.
Tucket, a set of notes on the cornet; IV. ii. 35.
Tway, twain, two; III. ii. 127.

Umber'd, darkened as by brown ochre (here probably the effect of the fire-light on the faces of the soldiers); Prol. IV. 9.
Uncoined; "u. constancy," *i.e.* which like an unimpressed plain piece of metal, has not yet become current coin; V. ii. 157.
Undid, would undo; V. ii. 134.
Unfurnish'd, left undefended; I. ii. 148.
Unprovided, unprepared; IV. i. 181.
Unraised, wanting in aspiration; Prol. I. 9.
Untempering, unsoftening; V. i. 236.
Upon, at, I. i. 91; by, IV. i. 19.
Urn, grave; I. ii. 228.

Vainness, vanity; Prol. V. 20.
Vasty, vast, Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 123.
Vaultages, vaulted rooms, caverns; II. iv. 124.
Vaward, vanguard; IV. iii. 130.
Venge me, avenge myself; I. ii. 292.
Venture, run the hazard of; (Folio 1, "*venter*"); I. ii. 192.
Vigil, the eve of a festival; IV. iii. 45.
Voice, vote; II. ii. 113.
Void, quit; IV. vii. 62.
Vulgar, common soldiers; IV. vii. 80.

Wafer-cakes; "men's faiths are w.,; *i.e.* "Promises are like pie crust"; II. iii. 53.
War-proof, valour tried in war; III. i. 18.
Watchful fires, watch-fires; Prol. IV. 23.
Waxen, easily effaced, perishable (Quartos, "*paper*"); I. ii. 233.
What though, what does that matter; II. i. 8.
Wherefore, for which; V. ii. 1.
Wheresome'er, wheresoever; II. iii. 7.
Whiffler, an officer who went in front of a procession (originally, a *fifer* who preceded an army or a procession); Prol. V. 12.
White-livered, cowardly; III. ii. 32.
Wight, man, person (one of Pistol's words); II. i. 63.
Willing, desiring; II. iv. 90.

Wills, wishes, desires; II. iv. 77.
Wink, shut my eyes; II. i. 7.
Wink'd at, connived at; II. ii. 55.
Winking, with their eyes shut; III. vii. 147.
Withal, with; III. v. 2.
Woe the while! alas for the time! IV. vii. 78.
Womby, hollow, capacious; II. iv. 124.
Wooden dagger, a dagger of lath was usually carried by the Vice in the old morality plays; IV. iv. 74.
Word, motto (Rowe from Quartos 1, 3; Folios, Quarto 2, "*world*"); II. iii. 51.
Wots, knows; IV. i. 291.
Would, would have, Prol. II. 18; desire, V. ii. 68.
Wringing, suffering, pain; IV. i. 245.
Writ, written; I. ii. 98.

Yearn, grieve (Folios 1, 2, "*erne*"; Folios 3, 4, "*yern*"); II. iii. 3; yearns, grieves; IV. iii. 26.
Yerk, jerk; IV. vii. 83.
Yoke-fellows, companions; II. iii. 56.

The marriage of Henry V. and Katharine of France. (From the MS. Cott. Jul. E. iv.)

Richard II. knighting Harry Monmouth (afterwards Henry V.).
(From an illuminated MS.)

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Prol. I. 9. '*spirits that have dared*'; so Staunton; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*hath*'; Folio 4, '*spirit, that hath.*'

I. ii. 45, 52. '*Elbe,*' restored by Capell; Folios '*Elue*'; (Holinshed, '*Elbe*'; Hall, '*Elve*').

I. ii. 61-64. Theobald (Warburton); *cp.* Montaigne's *Essays,* III. I (*vide* Florio's translation).

I. ii. 77. '*Lewis the tenth*'; the reading of Folios, following Holinshed; Pope, from Hall, reads '*ninth.*'

I. ii. 94. '*amply to imbar*'; so Folios (Folios 1, 2, '*imbarre*'); Quartos 1, 2, '*imbace,*' Quarto 3, '*imbrace*'; Rowe, '*make bare*'; Theobald (Warburton), '*imbare*'; Pope, '*openly imbrace,*' etc. Schmidt explains the lines:—"They strive to exclude you, instead of excluding amply, *i.e.*, without restriction or subterfuge, their own false titles." Perhaps Mr. W. A. Wright's explanation is the truer, taking '*imbar*' in the sense of 'to bar in,' 'secure':—

"The Kings of France, says the Archbishop, whose own right is derived only through the female line, prefer to shelter themselves under the flimsy protection of an appeal to the Salic law, which would exclude Henry's claim, instead of fully securing and defending their own titles by maintaining that though, like Henry's, derived through the female line, their claim was stronger than his."

I. ii. 98. '*in the Book of Numbers*'; *cp.* Numbers xxvii. 1-11.

I. ii. 99. '*man*'; the reading of Folios; Quartos, '*sonne.*'

I. ii. 110. '*Forage in*'; Folios, '*Forrage in*'; Quarto 1, '*Foraging*'; Quarto 3, '*Forraging the.*'

I. ii. 125. '*Your grace hath cause and means.*' Hanmer reads '*Your race hath had cause, means.*' Various readings have been suggested, but there seems to be no difficulty whatever in understanding the text as it stands.

I. ii. 131. '*blood*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, '*Bloods*'; Folio 2, '*Blouds.*'

I. ii. 150. '*with ample and brim fulness*; probably '*brim*' is here adjectival: Pope reads '*brimfulness*'; but the accent favours the present reading.

I. ii. 154. '*the ill-neighbourhood*'; Boswell, from Quartos, reads '*the bruit thereof.*'

I. ii. 163. '*her chronicle*'; Capell, Johnson conj.; Folios read '*their C.*'; Quartos, '*your Chronicles*'; Rowe, '*his Chronicle.*'

I. ii. 173. '*tear*'; so Rowe, ed. 2; Folios, '*tame*'; Quartos, '*spoil*'; Theobald, '*taint.*'

I. ii. 180-183. Theobald first compared these lines with Cicero, *De Republica*, ii. 42, and thought that Shakespeare had perhaps borrowed from Cicero.

I. ii. 187-203. Lyly, in his *Euphues* (Arber's Reprint, pp. 262-4), has a similar description of the common-wealth of the bees: its *ultimate* source is probably Pliny's Natural History, Book xi, (*n.b.*, Holland's translation did not appear till 1601).

I. ii. 197. '*majesty*'; so Rowe from Quartos; Folios, '*Maiesties.*'

I. ii. 208. '*Come*'; so Folios; Capell, from Quartos, '*fly*'; '*as many ways meet in one town*'; Capell, from Quartos, reads '*As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne*'; Dyce, Lettsom conj., '*As many several streets,*' etc.

I. ii. 209. '*meet in one salt sea*'; Capell, from Quartos, reads '*run in one self sea*'; Vaughan conj., '*run in one salt sea.*'

I. ii. 212. *'End'*; Pope's emendation from Quartos; Folios, *'And.'*

I. ii. 255. *'This tun of treasure'*; probably suggested by the corresponding words in *The Famous Victories.*

I. ii. 263. *'shall strike his father's crown into the hazard'*; *'hazard'* used technically, "the hazard in a tennis-court"; glosses, *'grille de tripot'* in old French dictionaries.

Prol. II. Pope transferred the Prologue to the end of the first scene.

Prol. II. 32. *'The abuse of distance; force a play'*: so Folios: Pope, *'while we force a play'*; Warburton conj. *'while we farce a play'*; 'to force a play' is interpreted by Steevens to mean 'to produce a play by compressing many circumstances into a narrow compass.' Various emendations have been proposed, but in spite of the imperfection of the line as it stands, no suggestions seem to improve upon it. Perhaps, after all, the line is correct as it stands, with a pause for a syllable at the cæsura, and with a vocalic *r* in *'force,'* making the word dissyllabic; *cp. 'fierce,'* II. iv. 99.

Prol. II. 41. *'But, till the king come forth,'* etc., *i.e.* 'until the King come forth we shall not shift our scene unto Southampton.'

II. i. 5. *'there shall be smiles'*; Hanmer conj., Warburton, *'there shall be*—(smiles)'; Farmer, Collier, 2 ed., *'smites'* (*i.e.* blows).

II. i. 25. *'mare'*; restored by Theobald from Quartos; Folios read *'name'*; Hanmer, *'dame'*; Collier MS., *'jade.'*

II. i. 28. *'How now, mine host Pistol!'* Quartos, *'How do you my hoste?'* giving the words to Nym.

II. i. 38. *'O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now'*; *'drawn,'* Theobald's emendation; Folios, *'hewne'*; Malone from Quarto 1, *'O Lord! here's corporal Nym's*——'

II. i. 43. *'Iceland dog!'*; Steevens, Johnson, conj.; Folios read *'Island dog'*; Quartos, *'Iseland.'* There are several allusions to "these shaggy, sharp-eared, white dogs, much imported formerly as favourites for ladies."

II. i. 79. *'lazar kite of Cressid's kind'*; probably a scrap from some old play. In certain parallel passages the readings vary between *'Kite,' 'Kit,' 'Catte'*; *'Kit,'* too, is the spelling of Folio 4.

II. i. 85. *'and you, hostess'*; Folios *'and your Hostesse'*; Folio 4, *'Hostes you must come straight to my master, and you Hoste Pistole.'*

II. i. 99. *'Base is the slave that pays,'* a quotation from an old play. Steevens quotes, "My motto shall be, Base is the man that pays" (Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*).

II. i. 109. and 110 omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 9. *'Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours'*; Folios 3, 4, *"lull'd."* Quartos, followed by Steevens, *'whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours.'*

II. ii. 61. *'Who are the late commissioners?'*; Vaughan conj. *'Who ask the late commissions?'*; Collier MS. *'the state c.'*; but no change is necessary; *'late commissioners'* = 'lately appointed commissioners.'

II. ii. 63. *'for it,' i.e.* for my commission.

II. ii. 114. *'by treasons'*; Mason conj. *'to treasons'*; Moberly conj. *'by reasons.'*

II. ii. 118. *'But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up'*; Moberly conj. *'But he that tempter-fiend that stirr'd thee up'*; Dyce, Johnson conj. *'tempted'*; Folios, *'bad,'* Vaughan conj. *'sin thus.'* No emendation is necessary, tho' it is uncertain what the exact force of *'bade thee stand up'* may be, whether (1) 'like an honest-man,' or (2) 'rise in rebellion.'

II. ii. 139-140. *'To mark the full-fraught man and best indued With some suspicion'*; Malone's emendation; Theobald, *'the best,'* etc.; Folios, *'To make thee full fraught man and best indued,'* etc.; Pope, *'To make the full-fraught man, the best, endu'd With,'* etc.

II. ii. 148. *'Henry'*; Theobald's correction from Quartos; Folios *'Thomas.'*

II. ii. 176. *'you have'*; so Knight, from Quartos; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'you three'*; Folio 1, *'you.'*

II. iii. 11. *'A' made a finer end'*; Folios 1, 2, *'a finer'*; Folios 3, 4, *'finer'*; Capell, *'a fine'*; Johnson conj. *'a final'*; Vaughan conj. *'a fair.'* Probably Mistress Quickly's words are correctly reported, and should not be edited.

II. iii. 14. *'fumble with the sheets'*; popularly supposed to be a sign of approaching death.

II. iii. 17-18. *'and a' babbled of green fields'*; Theobald's famous correction of Folios, *'and a Table of greene fields'*; Theobald's reading was suggested to him by a MS. note written in a copy of Shakespeare by 'a gentleman sometime deceased,' who proposed *'And a' talked of green fields.'* The Quartos omit the line, giving the passage thus:—

"His nose was as sharp as a pen,
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of floures, and smile vpo his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one."

(*n.b.* '*talk of floures*'). Many suggestions have been put forward since Pope explained that the words were part of a stage direction, and that 'Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time who furnished implements, etc., for the actors.' The marginal stage-direction was, according to him, '*A table of greenfields.*' Malone, '*in a table of green fields,*' Collier MS., '*on a table of green freese.*' Recently Mr. Henry Bradley has pointed out that 'green field' was occasionally used for the exchequer table, a table of green baize. A combination of this suggestion with the reading of the Collier MS. would require merely the change of '*and*' to '*on,*' but one cannot easily give up one's perfect faith in Theobald's most brilliant conjecture.

II. iii. 51. '*Let senses rule*'; *i.e.* 'let prudence govern you' (Steevens).

II. iii. 54. '*And hold-fast is the only dog*'; *cp.* 'Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better.'

II. iii. 55. '*Caveto,*' Quartos, '*cophetua.*'

II. iv. 57. '*mountain sire*'; Theobald, '*mounting sire*'; Collier, Mitford conj. '*mighty sire*'; '*mountain,*' evidently means 'huge as a mountain.'

Prol. III. 4. '*Hampton,*' Theobald's correction of Folios '*Dover.*'

Prol. III. 6. '*fanning*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*fayning,*' Folios 3, 4, '*faining*'; Gould conj. '*playing.*'

Prol. III. 35. '*Eke*'; the first folio '*eech*'; the others, *ech*'; probably representing the pronunciation of the word.

III. i. 7. '*summon up,*' Rowe's emendation of Folios '*commune up.*'

III. i. 15. '*nostril*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios '*nosthrill.*'

III. i. 32. '*straining*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios '*Straying.*'

III. ii. 20. '*Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!*'; so Folios; Capell reads, from Quartos, '*God's plud!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?*'

III. v. 46. '*Knights*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios '*Kings.*'

III. v. 54. '*Rouen*'; Malone's emendation of '*Rone,*' Quartos; '*Roan,*' Folios.

III. vi. 28-30. *'And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,'* etc.; *cp.* *'Fortune is blind . . . whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,'* Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy.*

From the English translation (Cott. MS., XVth cent.) of William de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of Human Life.*

III. vi. 31. *'Fortune is painted blind'*; Warburton proposed the omission of *'blind,'* which may have been caught up from the next line.

III. vi. 41. *'Fortune is Bardolph's foe'*; a reference to the old ballad, *'Fortune, my foe!'*

III. vi. 79. *'new-tuned'*; Pope reads *'new-turned'*; Collier MS., *'new-coined'*; Grant White, *'new-found.'*

III. vi. 107-111. Fluellen's description of Bardolph forcibly recalls Chaucer's Sompnour in the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* (Quartos, *'whelkes, and knubs, and pumples'* for *'bubukles, and whelkes, and knobs'*).

III. vi. 117. *'lenity,'* Rowe's emendation from Quarto; Folios, *'Levity.'*

III. vi. 120. *'habit'*; *i.e.* sleeveless coat, the herald's tabard.

III. vii. 15. *'chez les narines'*; Capell, *'qui a'*; Folios, *'ches'*; Heath conj. *'voyez,'* etc.

III. vii. 43. *'Wonder of Nature,'* probably the first words of a sonnet or lyric of the time.

III. vii. 66, 67. *'Le chien . . . au bourbier'*; 'the dog is returned to his own vomit, and the washed out sow to the mire,' *cp.* 2 Peter ii. 22.

Prol. IV. 16. *'name'*; Tyrwhitt's conj.; Folios, *'nam'd.'*

Prol. IV. 20. *'cripple tardy-gaited'*; Folios, *'creeple-tardy-gated.'*

Prol. IV. 26. *'Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats'*; Capell, *'And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks'*; Hanmer, *'In wasted'*; Warburton, *'Invest in'*; Beckett conj. *'Infesting,'* etc.

IV. i. 35. *'Qui va là'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios *'Che vous la?'*

IV. i. 65. *'speak lower'*; so Quarto 3, adopted by Malone; Quartos 1, 2, *'lewer'*; Folios, *'fewer'; cp.* 'to speak few,' a provincialism for 'to speak low' (according to Steevens, who prefers the folio reading).

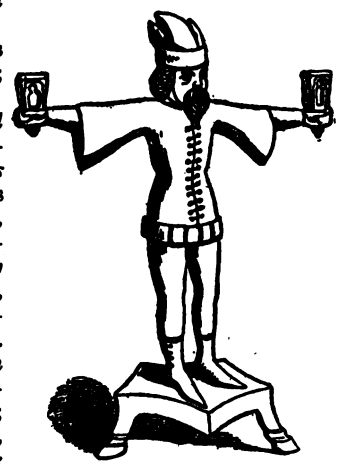
IV. i. 94. *'Sir Thomas'*; Theobald's correction of Folios *'John.'*

IV. i. 152. *'sinfully miscarry upon the sea'*; Pope reads from Quartos, *'fall into some lewd action and miscarry.'*

IV. i. 187. *'mote'*; Malone's emendation of Folios. *'Moth'*; Quartos, *'moath.'*

IV. i. 254. *'What is thy soul of adoration?'*; Knight's reading; Folio 1 reads, *'What? is thy Soule of Odoration'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Adoration'*; Warburton, *'What is thy toll, O adoration?'*; Hanmer, *'What is thy shew of adoration?'*; Johnson, *'What is thy soul, O adoration?'*; etc., etc. (*v.* Glossary).

IV. i. 299, 300. *'take from them now the sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers'*; Tyrwhitt's reading; Folios, *'take . . . reck'ning of the opposed numbers:'*; Theobald, *'take . . . reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers'*; etc., etc.



From an original specimen of the time of Charles VII. of France (A.D. 1422-1440), preserved in a private collection in Paris.

IV. ii. 45. *'The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks.' Cp.* illustration.

IV. iii. 40. *'the feast of Crispian'* falls upon the 25th October.

IV. iii. 44. *'He that shall live this day, and see'*; Pope's reading; Folios, *'He that shall see this day and live'*; Quartos, *'He that outlives this day and sees.'*

IV. iii. 48. Omitted in Folios

IV. iii. 52. *'his mouth'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'their mouths'*; Pope, *'their mouth.'*

IV. iv. 3. *'Qualtitie calmie custure me'*; probably Pistol catches the last word of the French soldier's speech, repeats it, and adds the refrain of a popular Irish song, *'Calen, O custure me'* = 'colleen oge astore,' *i.e.* 'young girl, my treasure.' The popularity of the song is evidenced by the following heading of one of the songs in Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (*cp.* Arber's Reprint, p. 33): *'A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his lady. To Calen o custure me; sung at euerie lines end'*; first pointed out by Malone.

IV. iv. 72. *'this roaring devil i' the old play'*; alluding to the standing character of the Devil in the Morality plays.

IV. v. 11. *'Let us die in honour; once'*; Knight's emendation; Folio 1, *'Let us dye in once'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Let us flue in once'*; etc. Omitted by Pope.

IV. v. 18. *'our lives'*; Steevens adds from Quartos, *'Unto these English, or else die with fame'*; Vaughan conj. *'Unto these English, or else die with shame.'*

IV. vii. 31. *'alike'*; so Folios; Rowe reads, *'as like.'*

IV. vii. 45. *'made'*; Capell, following Quartos, reads *'made an end.'*

IV. vii. 65. *'Assyrian slings'*; Theobald compared Judith ix. 7, and defended the reading against Warburton's proposed *'Balearian'* (afterwards withdrawn).

IV. vii. 71. *'what means this, herald?'*; Steevens' reading; Folio 1, *'what meanes this herald?'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'what means their herald'*; Hanmer conj. *'what mean'st thou, herald?'*

IV. vii. 81. *'their wounded steeds'*; Folios, *'with,'* corrected by Malone. The Quartos omit the line.

Prol. V. 30-35. The allusion is to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was sent to Ireland in 1599 to suppress Tyrone's rebellion; he left London on March 27, and returned on September 28 (*v.* Preface).

Prol. V. 38. *'The emperor's coming'*; *i.e.* 'the emperor is

coming,' or (better) 'the emperor's coming,' parallel to 'the King of England's stay at home.' The line refers to the visit of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, 1st May, 1416. Malone supposed that a line had dropped out before *The Emperor*, etc.; Capell rewrote the passage. It seems, however, that if instead of a semicolon, a comma is placed after '*at home,*' the lines are perfectly intelligible as they stand.

V. i. 85. '*Doll*'; Capell, '*Nell*'; which is probably the correct reading, though Shakespeare may himself have made the mistake.

V. ii. 7. '*Burgundy*'; Rowe's emendation, from Quartos, of Folio 1, '*Burgogne*'; Folios 2, 4, '*Burgoigne*'; Folio 3, '*Bargoigne.*'

V. ii. 11. '*So are you, princes English, every one*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*So are you princes* (*English*) *every one*'; Folio 4, '*So are you princes* (*English every one*).'

V. ii. 12. '*England*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads '*Ireland.*'

V. ii. 50. '*all*'; Rowe's reading; Folios '*withall.*'

V. ii. 82. '*Pass our accept*'; Warburton reads, '*Pass, or accept*'; Malone conj. '*Pass, or except,*' etc.

V. ii. 259, 260. '*queen of all, Katharine*'; Capell conj. adopted by Dyce, '*queen of all Katharines.*'

V. ii. 359. '*Héritier*'; Folios read '*Heretere*'; '*Præclarissimus*'; so Folios; Rann reads '*Percarissimus*'; the error is, however, copied from Holinshed.

V. ii. 393. '*Sennet*'; Folio 1, '*Senet*'; Folio 2, '*Sonet,*' as though referring to the fourteen lines of the Epilogue.

Epil. 13. '*Which oft our stage hath shown*'; *vide* Preface to 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

PROLOGUE.

1. *O for a Muse,* etc.:—How strongly Shakespeare was impressed by the greatness of his theme appears in his reiterated expressions of humility in approaching it. He begins, like the epic poets of antiquity, with an invocation of the Muse; he implores forgiveness, not only for the imperfection of his scenic apparatus, but for the "flat unraised spirits" in which he treats so mighty a theme.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

7-19. This is taken almost literally from Holinshed: "In the second yeare of his reigne, King Henrie called his nigh court of parlement, in which manie petitions moved were for that time deferred. Amongst which one was to the effect, that the temporall lands devoutlie given, and disordinatelie spent by religious and other spirituall persons, should be seized into the Kings hands; sith the same might suffice to mainteine, to the honor of the King, and defense of the realme, fifteene earles, fifteene hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred esquires, and a hundred almesse-houses, for reliefe onelie of the poore, impotent, and needie persons, and the King to have cleerelie to his coffers twentie thousand pounds." It should be remarked that this Parliament was called, April 30, 1414, at Leicester; but it appears from the Chorus

to the Second Act that the Poet laid the scene of the first Act at London.

51, 52. *So that . . . this theoric*:—That is, he must have drawn his *theory*, digested his order and method of thought, from the *art* and *practice* of life, instead of shaping the latter by the rules and measures of the former: which is strange, since he has never been seen in the way either of learning the things in question by experience, or of digesting the fruits of experience into theory. *Practic* and *theoric*, or *practique* and *theorique*, were the old spelling of *practice* and *theory*. An apt commentary on the text occurs in *A Treatise of Human Learning*, by Lord Brooke, who was a star in the same constellation with Shakespeare, and one of the profoundest thinkers of the time:—

"Againe, the active, necessarie arts
Ought to be briefe in bookes, in practise long:
Short precepts may extend to many parts;
The practise must be large, or not be strong.
For if these two be in one ballance weigh'd,
The artless use bears down the useless art.
The world should therefore her instructions draw
Backe unto life and actions, whence they came;
That practise, which gave being, might give law
To make them short, cleare, fruitfull unto man:
As God made all for use, even so must she
By chance and use uphold her mystery."

Scene II.

[*Enter . . . Gloucester, Bedford, etc.*] The princes Humphrey and John of the preceding play were made Dukes of Gloucester and Bedford at the first Parliament of Henry V., 1414. At the same time, according to Holinshed, Thomas Beaufort, Marquess of Dorset, was made Duke of Exeter. The Beaufort family sprang from John of Gaunt by Catharine Swynford, to whom he was married after she had borne him several children. The earldom of Warwick was at that time in the family of Beauchamp, and the Earl of Westmoreland was Ralph Neville.

40. *gloze*:—So in Holinshed: "The verie words of that supposed law are these, *In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*, that is to saie, Into the Salike land let not women succeed. Which the French *glossers* expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond." This may serve as a

sample showing how closely the Poet here follows the chronicler; the whole speech being little else than Holinshed's sentences versified.

74. *Convey'd himself,* etc.:—That is, *passed himself off* as heir to the lady Lingare. Bishop Cooper has the same expression: "To *convey himself* to be of some noble family." The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crowne upon Charles Duke of Loraine, the sole heire male of the line and stocke of Charles the great, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though in deed it was starke naught, *conveied himselfe* as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to King Charlemaine."

130-135. *O, let,* etc.:—So in Holinshed's paraphrase of the Archbishop's speech: "At length, having said sufficientlie for the proofe of the King's just and lawful title to the crowne of France, he exhorted him to advance foorth his banner to fight for his right, to spare neither bloud, sword, nor fire, sith his warre was just, his cause good and his claime true: and he declared that in their spirituall convocation they had granted to his highnesse such a summe of monie as never by no spirituall persons was to any prince before those daies given or advanced."

252. *galliard*:—The *galliard* is thus described by Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra*:—

> "But, for more divers and more pleasing show,
> A swift and wandring daunce she did invent,
> With passages uncertaine, to and fro,
> Yet with a certaine answere and consent
> To the quicke musicke of the instrument.
> Five was the number of the musicks feet,
> Which still the daunce did with five paces meet.
> A gallant daunce, that lively doth bewray
> A spirit, and a vertue masculine,
> Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
> Since she herselfe is fiery and divine:
> Oft doth she make her body upward fline;
> With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre,
> Which with the lusty tunes accordeth faire."

258. *Tennis-balls*:—This funny piece of French diplomacy is thus related by Holinshed: "Whilest in the Lent season the King laie at Killingworth, there came to him from the Dolphin of France certeine ambassadors that brought with them a *barrell of*

Paris balles, which from their master they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorne, to signifie that it was more meet for the King to passe the time with such childish exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherefore the King wrote to him that yer ought long he would tosse him some London balles that perchance should shake the walles of the best court in France." In the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, the "barrel of Paris balls" becomes "a gilded tun [i.e., goblet] of tennis-balls."

ACT SECOND.

Prologue.

23. *Richard Earl of Cambridge*:—This was Richard Plantagenet, second son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, and brother to Edward, the Duke of York of this play.

Scene I.

30. [*Pistol.*] It is clear, from the tenour of contemporary literature, that in Pistol and his companions Shakespeare drew from the life—studies that London ordinaries supplied him in abundance. We must call to mind the general custom of carrying weapons, the frequency of fatal brawls, license of duel, and insufficiency of police, together with the loose military population always afloat, to recognize fairly the unnatural developments of swaggering and cowardice in combination, that the circumstances of the times made familiar. Pistol might scarcely have been thought more of an exaggeration than the sullen and bloody-hinting Nym; and the original spectators must have appreciated, with a gusto that we may envy them, the scene in which these lily-livered rascals of contrasted costume stand opposed with naked swords that they are themselves afraid of, and affect to be held apart by the sword of Bardolph, only less a coward than the least of them, who faces out one impossible contingency by another and an oath—"Hear me, hear what I say—he that strikes the first stroke I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier." Mrs. Quickly herself never hit a truer meaning in attempting to express a false one, than when she bade good Corporal Nym, "Show *thy* valour, and put up *your* sword."

43. *Iceland dog*:—In a treatise by Abraham Fleming, *Of English Dogges*, 1576, occurs the following: "*Iceland dogges*, curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes curres, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter." *Island cur* is again used as a term of contempt in *Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes*:—

> "He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
> Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man
> Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre*."

Scene II.

1. *these traitors*:—Ulrici says: "The life of the just and gracious prince is threatened by the treacherous and murderous designs of a few ambitious and rapacious barons; the blackest ingratitude and faithlessness embitter his position as King and disappoint his fairest hopes. The representation of the conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge, Grey and Scroop, which is interwoven as an episode, explains the significance of the whole. Accordingly Henry V., following his father's advice as well as his own judgement, has to endeavour to withdraw the attention of the people and the nobles from internal affairs of the state. Even though the war with France originated in reality from another and deeper reason, still Henry's own personal object was his chief motive in beginning the campaign so hurriedly and almost without preparation. And although the war at first had an outwardly glorious termination, owing to Henry's heroic strength, and the superior valour and ability of the English nation, still it was this very war which subsequently became a source of misery to England."

126, 127. *O, how hast thou*, etc.:—"Shakespeare," says Johnson, "uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgement. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society."

140-142. *I will weep*, etc.:—Lord Scroop has already been spoken of as having been the King's bedfellow. Holinshed gives the following account of him: "The said Lord Scroope was in

such favour with the King, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelitie the King reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike councell was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravities in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed."

155-157. *For me . . . intended*:—"Diverse write," says Holinshed, "that Richard Earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the Lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of King Henrie, to please the French king withall, but onelie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law, Edmund Earle of Marche, as heir to Lionel Duke of Clarence; who being for diverse secrcet impediments not able to have issue, the Earle of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, lest the Earle of Marche should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children he much doubted."

177-181. *Get you therefore hence . . . offences*:—So in Holinshed: "Revenge herein touching my person, though I seeke not; yet for safegard of you, my deere freends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be showed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poore miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein Gods majestie give ye grace of his mercie, and repentance of your heinous offenses."

Scene IV.

26. *so idly king'd*:—The Dauphin, less original than Hotspur, but without a spark of his real heroism, misconstrues Henry. . . . Shakespeare plays with visible pleasure upon the tennis-ball motive which he found in Holinshed. He makes the English envoys to the French camp deliver a special message of scorn to the Dauphin; and the Dauphin, in spite of history and his father's orders, figures in the French camp at Agincourt. But the Dauphin is only an extreme type of the fatuous intoxication which possesses the whole host, and is chiefly responsible for its overthrow. Agincourt is the duel of Shrewsbury, writ large; with the difference that there is here no counterpart to the pathos of the

mourning for Hotspur. A few wild curses and cries of rage suffice to sum up the immeasurably greater tragedy of the French rout.

ACT THIRD.

Prologue.

33. *the devilish cannon*:—Of course Shakespeare was a reader of Spenser, and this passage yields a slight trace of his reading. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 7-13:—

> ". . . that *divelish yron engin*, wrought
> In deepest hell, and fram'd by Furies skill,
> With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
> And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill."

Scene I.

[*Before Harfleur.*] The main action of *Henry V.* consists in the invasion of France with thirty thousand men, twenty-four thousand of whom were foot-soldiers, and six thousand horse. The embarkation of these forces was made from Southampton, in fifteen hundred ships, on the 11th of August, 1415, and the whole were landed on the coast of France on the second day afterwards. The first exploit of this army was to lay siege to Harfleur, for, in those days of pikes and crossbows, prudent commanders never ventured to advance into an enemy's country with walled towns behind them. The place surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days, when Henry, finding that his force had been reduced to less than half its former numbers by battle and disease, determined to fall back on Calais. For the execution of this movement, according to the English chroniclers, the army remaining to him could not have amounted to much more than eight thousand fighting men in all.

11-14. *let the brow . . . ocean*:—Daniel, in his *Civil Wars*, has a similar passage:—

> "A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
> A huge aspiring rock, neighbouring the skies,
> Whose surly brow imperiously commands
> The sea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies;
> And spurns the waves that in rebellious bands
> Assault his empire, and against him rise."

Scene II.

3. *Pray thee, corporal*:—It appears (II. i. 2) that Bardolph has been lifted up from a corporal into a lieutenant since our acquaintance with him in *Henry IV.*, and that Nym has succeeded him in the former rank. It is not quite certain whether the Poet forgot the fact here, or whether Nym, being used to call him corporal, in his fright loses his new title.

Scene III.

[*King Henry.*] Knight says that "skilfully as he has managed it, and magnificent as the whole drama is as a great national song of triumph, there can be no doubt that Shakespeare felt that in this play he was dealing with a theme too narrow for his peculiar powers . . . the subject being altogether one of lyric grandeur. . . . And yet, how exquisitely has Shakespeare thrown his dramatic power into this undramatic subject! The character of the King is one of the most finished portraits that has proceeded from his master hand. . . . It was for him to embody in the person of Henry V. the principle of national heroism; it was for him to call forth the spirit of patriotic reminiscence."

Scene IV.

[*Enter Katharine and Alice.*] Touching this Scene various grounds have been taken, some pronouncing it ridiculous, others rejecting it as an interpolation, and others wondering that Katharine and Alice should be made to speak French, when the other French characters talk English. We cannot well see why anything better should be asked than Johnson's remarks on the subject: "The grimaces of the two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the Poet's time. There is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon the knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. The extraordinary circumstance of introducing a character speaking French in an English drama was no novelty to our early stage."

Scene V.

33. ***lavoltas*** . . . *corantos*:—The *lavolta* was a dance of Italian origin, and seems to have been something like the modern waltz, only, perhaps, rather more so. It is thus described by Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra*:—

> "A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
> Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin'd,
> And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
> And still their feet an anapest do sound.
> An anapest is all their music's song,
> Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

The *coranto* comes in for a like share of his poetical touching:—

> "What shall I name those *current* traverses,
> That on a triple dactyl foot do run,
> Close by the ground, with sliding passages,
> Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
> Which with best order can all order shun?
> For every where he wantonly must range,
> And turn and wind with unexpected change."

Scene VI.

3, 4. *I assure you* . . . *bridge*:—After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois. But Henry had notice of their design, and sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

42. *For he hath stolen a pax*:—Holinshed makes the following statement respecting the discipline kept up in this expedition: "The poore people of the countrie were not spoiled, nor anie thing taken of them without paiment, nor anie outrage or offense doone by the Englishmen, except one, which was, that a souldier tooke a *pix* out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the King not once remooved till the box was restored, and the offendor strangled." Of course the Poet drew from this passage, changing *pix* to *pax*, and assigning the theft to Bardolph.

147-174. *Thou dost thy office*, etc.:—The Poet here follows very

close upon the chronicler: "And so Montjoy king at armes was sent to the King of England, to defie him as the enemie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie answered, 'Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God: I will not seeke your master at this time; but if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them, God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Calis, at their jeopardie be it; and yet I wish not anie of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud!' When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward, and licence to depart." It was customary thus to reward heralds, whatever might be the nature of their message.

Scene VII.

15. *Pegasus*:—The famous flying horse in old Greek tales. Bellerophon used it to aid him in killing the chimera, a fire-breathing monster, which, according to the myth, he slew by shooting arrows at it as he rode through the air on the horse.

22. *Perseus*:—Another hero of the Greek tales, who, as the story has it, slew the terrible Gorgon Medusa, and also saved the life of the maid Andromeda, when she had been left chained to a rock, to be the prey of a sea-monster.

ACT FOURTH.

Prologue.

[*Chorus.*] Only one other drama entirely Shakespeare's—*The Winter's Tale*—contains a chorus; and there it serves to announce an interval of dramatic time far greater than the Poet has anywhere else approached. Except in this Act, the Chorus in *Henry V.* announces only intervals of space or time—as a journey from London to Southampton, from Southampton to Harfleur—and other incidental matters. But the Chorus to Act IV. has no such rôle to perform; and this Chorus, splendid and high-wrought, serves to show that Shakespeare introduced this machinery, not for the sake of bridging intervals of time and space—which elsewhere his audience unconcernedly crossed "with imagined wing"—but as the most obvious means of bringing home the outward semblance of an event of absorbing interest. In *Coriolanus*, in

Antony and Cleopatra, there are brief bursts of battle-poetry exceeding in sublimity anything in *Henry V.*; but that is chiefly because they are penetrated with a dramatic passion for which in *Henry V.* there was simply no room. The subject was epic, and Shakespeare fell back upon the epic poet's method. No scene in the drama paints so vividly as a few lines in this Chorus the transforming spell of the master presence, which made the handful of worn-out men a weapon of adamant against the serried ranks of chivalry.

13. *closing rivets up*:—This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armour before it was put on, but also to a part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armourer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, *to close the rivets up*; so that the wearer's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet.

19. *play at dice*:—The Poet took this from Holinshed: "The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph; for the capteins had determined how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice."

Scene I.

[*King Henry.*] Kenny, in treating upon the view which Shakespeare's portrait of Henry V. gives us of the Poet's own character, says: "Some of the continental critics think they can see that not only was Henry V. Shakespeare's favourite hero, but that this is the character, in all the Poet's dramas, which he himself most nearly resembled. Many people will, perhaps, hardly be able to refrain from a smile on hearing of this conjecture. We certainly cannot see the slightest ground for its adoption. The whole history of Shakespeare's life, and the whole cast of Shakespeare's genius, are opposed to this extravagant supposition. We have no doubt that the Poet readily sympathized with the frank and gallant bearing of the King. But we find no indication in all that we know of his temperament, or of the impression which he produced upon his contemporaries, of that firm, rigid, self-concentrated personality which distinguishes the born masters of mankind. Henry V. was necessarily peremptory, designing, unwavering, energetic, and self-willed; Shakespeare was flexible, changeful, meditative,

sceptical, and self-distrustful. This was clearly the temperament of the author of the sonnets; it was too, we believe, not less clearly the character of the wonderful observer and delineator of all the phases of both tragic and comic passion, and it was, perhaps, in no small degree, through the very variety of his emotional and imaginative sensibility, and the very absence of that completeness and steadfastness of nature which his injudicious admirers now claim for him, that he was enabled to become the great dramatic poet of the world."

239 *et seq.* Johnson finds something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy of King Henry, beginning as soon as he is left alone. "Something like this," says Johnson, "every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment."

Scene II.

[*The French camp.*] The one formidable rival of the King is no single figure, but the "bad neighbour" at whom he dashes his little force, the assembled power of France. And the French are drawn collectively, in slightly modulated shades of the same conventional hue. The brush which had painted the rival of Henry's youth now dashes off with far less care and delicacy the foes of his manhood. The vapouring chivalry, the fantastic self-conceit which so fatally alloyed Hotspur's sturdy Saxon strength, reappear with more of blatant flourish in men of finer wit but weaker fibre.

16. *yon poor and starved band*:—Holinshed gives the following account of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt: "The Englishmen were brought into some distresse in this journie, by reason of their vittels in maner spent, and no hope to get more; for the enemies had destroied all the corne before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarmes did ever so infest them: dailie it rained, nightlie it freezed: of fuell there was great scarsitie, of fluxes plentie: monie inough, but wares for their releefe to bestowe it on had they none."

60, 61. *I stay but for my guidon*, etc.:—Thus in Holinshed: "They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noblemen made such hast toward the battell, that they left manie of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *staie for their standards*; as amongst other

the Duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *banner to be taken from a trumpet,* and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of his standard."

Scene III.

21. *To do our country loss*:—Here again the Poet found something in the chronicler to work upon: "It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus, 'I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England!' the King answered, I would not wish a man more here than I have: we are indeed in comparison of the enemies but a few, but, if God of his clemencie doo favour us and our cause, as I trust he will, we shall speed well inough. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be delivered into the hands of our enemies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine."

63. *shall gentle his condition*:—King Henry V. inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.

90 *et seq.* Of this second proposal for ransom Holinshed speaks thus: "Here we may not forget how the French in their jolitie sent an herald to King Henrie, to inquire what ransom he would offer. Whereunto he answered, that within two or three houres he hoped it would so happen that the Frenchmen should be glad to common rather with the Englishmen for their ransoms, than the English to take thought for their deliverance, promising for his owne part, that his dead carcasse should rather be a prize to the Frenchmen, than that his living bodie should paie anie ransome."

129. [*York.*] This Edward Duke of York has already appeared in *Richard II.* as Duke of Aumerle. He was the son of Edmund of Langley, the Duke of York of the same play, who was the fourth son of King Edward III.

Scene IV.

1 *et seq.* It is consistent enough with the national and popular design of the play that not a little of it should seem to be addressed to the common, uneducated public, as in this Scene,

wherein the miserable blusterer Pistol makes prisoner a French nobleman whom he has succeeded in overawing.

Scene V.

3. *Mort de ma vie!*—Coleridge says: "Ludicrous as these introductory scraps of French appear, so instantly followed by good nervous mother-English, yet they are judicious, and produce the impression which Shakespeare intended—a sudden feeling struck at once on the ears, as well as the eyes, of the audience, that 'here come the French, the baffled French braggards!' And this will appear still more judicious, when we reflect on the scanty apparatus of distinguishing dresses in Shakespeare's trying-room."

Scene VI.

35. *new alarum*:—"The multiplicity of battles in *Henry V.*," says Campbell, "is a drawback on its value as an acting play; for battles are awkward things upon the stage. We forget this objection, however, in the reading of the play."

Scene VII.

6-10. *the cowardly rascals . . . throat*:—This matter is thus related by Holinshed: "While the battell thus continued, certeine Frenchmen on horsseback, to the number of six hundred, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents and pavillions were without anie sufficient gard, entred upon the King's campe, and there spoiled the hails, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and carried awaie caskets, and slue such servants as they found to make anie resistance. But when the outcrie of the lackies and boies, which ran awaie for feare of the Frenchmen, came to the King's eares, he, doubting least his enemies should gather togither againe, and begin a new field, and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enemies, or the verie enemies to their takers in deed, if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet, that everie man, upon paine of death, should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner." It appears afterwards, however, that the King, finding the danger to be less than he at first thought, stopped the slaughter, and was able to save a great number. It

is observable that the King gives as his reason for the order, that he expected another battle, and had not men enough to guard one army and fight another. Gower here assigns a different reason. Holinshed gives both reasons, and the Poet chose to put one in the King's mouth, the other in Gower's.

54. *Falstaff*:—Johnson observes that this is the last time Falstaff can make sport. The Poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.

93. *Agincourt*:—So the chronicler: "In the morning Montjoie and foure other heralds came to the King, to know the number of prisoners, and tc desire buriall for the dead. Before he made them answer, he demanded whie they made that request, considering that he knew not whether the victorie was his or theirs. When Montjoie by true and just confession had cleered that doubt, he desired to understand the name of the castell neere adjoining: when they had told him that it was called Agincourt, he said, Then shall this conflict be called the battell of Agincourt."

161. *down together*:—Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the King's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to save him.

Scene VIII.

8. [*Strikes him.*] Fluellen gets a hearty box on the ear from Williams, and prepares to return it with interest, giving loose to his tongue in preparation. But even this imbroglio is fairly reconciled by a few words of explanation, and with no loss of dignity in any part. Williams sets his apparent insult to the King in its natural light, and has from him a glove full of crowns, which he well deserves, and an honourable distinction that he deserves still better; and Fluellen thinks no more of the blow, and has even twelvepence to spare for the giver of it, who, however, knows himself much too well to take it, and pitches it back. Thus we are gradually carried forward and exercised in appreciating and apprehending the shades and limits of forbearance and pusillanimity, of the magnanimous and the overbearing, and enabled, if we will but keep clear of false lights and vain prepossessions, to receive the full effect of the scene that closes and completes the martial play.

125. *Do we all holy rites*:—"The King," according to Holin-

shed, "when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and, gathering his army togither, gave thanks to Almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalme,—*In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commanded every man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse,— *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which doone, he caused TE DEUM with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

21. *the smell of leek*:—"Ancient Pistol's mock at the quaint but honourable badge of the odd-fashioned but valiant Welshman, is invented," says Lloyd, "not without reference to the Dauphin's mock with his tun of tennis-balls, on the strength of the seeming frivolity of the wilder time of Prince Henry. Of such an offence the punishment is much the same in either case, and the mouthing braggart is roughly repaid with hard knocks first, and then with humiliation in its bitterest form of forced acceptation of a kindness. Fluellen, who took back his shilling from Williams and forgave him the buffet, gives a sound thrashing to the contemptible scoundrel who disgraces the profession of soldier, forces the leek he jeered at down his throat, and makes him accept of a groat to heal his pate. Pistol deserves all that he gets and more, and it is the treatment such a character as he provokes, whether deserving it or not; it is a faint consideration in the Ancient's favour, that he quarrels so pertinaciously with Fluellen from resentment at his not saving his comrade Bardolph, good-for-little wretch as he might be. But thus ends the memory of Falstaff and his associates."

93. Johnson here remarks upon the comic scenes of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* with a feeling which doubtless most readers will share. Those scenes, he says, "are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."

Scene II.

9-11. *Right joyous,* etc.:—In the fifth Act the French themselves seem to share in the exultation of England over their own surrender. In painting Henry's own attitude towards the enemy, however, Shakespeare's touch is not quite so firm as when he limned Prince Hal. The speeches before Harfleur to Montjoy, and after the battle, are hardly in keeping with the modesty of true valour which makes him forbid the display of his bruised helmet and bent sword in the London streets.

98 *et seq. Fair Katharine,* etc.:—In the scenes with Katharine, and in the tone of Henry towards the French king and princes, the old play exhibits its best in spirit and originality, and in what is worthiest as leading the way to something that so far surpassed it. Henry, however, displays more simplicity and warmheartedness as a wooer, and Katharine more sensibility as well as sense than were possible in Shakespeare's *Henry V.* without marring the effect of all. Still it is very interesting to observe by what slight strokes and changes the force of expression is now modified and now reversed. Compare the following passages from the old play with the final Scene of this:—

Henry 5 [*alone.*] Ah Harry, thrice unhappy Harry, hast thou now conquered the French king, and begins a fresh supply with his daughter, but with what face canst thou seek to gain her love, which hast sought to win her father's crown? Her father's crown said I? no it is mine own: Ay, but I love her and must crave her, Nay, I love her and will have her.

Enter Lady Katharine and her ladies.

But here she comes: how now, fair Katharine of France, what news?

Kath. An it please your majesty, my father sent me to know if you will debate (abate) any of these unreasonable demands which you require.

Hen. 5. Now trust me Kate, I commend thy father's wit greatly in this; for none in the world could sooner have made me debate it, if it were possible. But tell me, sweet Kate, canst thou tell how to love?

Kath. I cannot hate, my good Lord; therefore far unfit were it for me to love.

Hen. 5. But Kate, tell me in plain terms, canst thou love the king of England? I cannot do as these countries do, that spend half their time in wooing: Tush, wench, I am none such, but wilt thou go over to England?

Kath. I would to God that I had your Majesty as fast in love as you have my father in wars; I would not vouchsafe so much as one look, until you had related (abated) all these unreasonable demands.

Hen. Tush, Kate, I know thou wouldst not use me so hardly: but tell me canst thou love the king of England?

Kath. How should I love him that hath dealt so hardly with my father?

Hen. But I 'll deal as easily with thee as thy heart can imagine or tongue require: how sayst thou; what will it be?

Kath. If I were of my own direction I could give you answer: but seeing I stand at my father's direction, I must first know his will.

Hen. But shall I have thy good will in the mean season?

Kath. Whereas I can put your Grace in no assurance, I would be loth to put your Grace in any despair.

Hen. Now before God it is a sweet wench.

Kath. [*aside.*] I may think myself the happiest in the world that is beloved of the mighty king of England.

Hen. Well Kate, are you at host with me? Sweet Kate, tell your father from me that none in the world could sooner have persuaded me to it than thou, and so tell thy father from me.

Kath. God keep your Majesty in good health. [*Exit.*

Hen. [*solus.*] Farewell, sweet Kate, in faith it is a sweet wench, but if I knew that I could not have her father's good will, I would so rouse the towers over his ears that I would make him glad to bring her to me upon his hands and knees. [*Exit.*

393. [*Exeunt.*] The events mentioned in Scene ii. of this Act appear to follow very closely upon Henry's return to England. This is due to the compression of the narrative to suit it for the stage. In 1417 the King had again landed in France, overrun Normandy, and captured Rouen after a terrible siege. He was aided by the Burgundians, after their duke's murder by agents of the Dauphin; this ended the struggle, and practically placed France at the feet of the English sovereign.

Questions on Henry V.

1. How was the Prologue delivered in Shakespeare's time?
2. Explain the allusions to the form of the Elizabethan playhouse in this Prologue.
3. What functions does the Chorus perform in this play? Is it in any way similar to the Chorus of the Greek drama?

ACT FIRST.

4. What was the nature of the *bill* that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely discuss in the first Scene? What would be its effect if passed? How do craft and chance serve to turn aside attention from the bill?
5. How is the changed life of the King referred to? Does the picture of the King as presented by the play confirm Canterbury's opinions of his gifts in divinity, politics, war, and eloquence?
6. What was the Salic law? How did it bar Henry from the throne of France? By what arguments did the Archbishop of Canterbury prove it inoperative in his case?
7. Do any of the higher motives lead Henry to contest his right to the French throne? How sincere are Henry's conscientious or religious scruples against a misapprehension of his dynastic rights?
8. Has the insulting message and present of the French Dauphin any effect in furnishing additional motive for war to what might otherwise seem insufficient? What ground does Henry take in his reply? Comment on Henry's assumption that he is to be the agent of God's vengeance on the sender of tennis-balls.

ACT SECOND.

9. What is the picture presented by the Prologue? What is the conspiracy? What humorous allusion to the English Channel?
10. What new character is added to the group of Eastcheap?

11. What phrase does Nym use for all occasions? Indicate the cause of his quarrel with Pistol? What kind of courage does each possess?

12. How does Hostess Quickly estimate the courage of Nym?

13. What impression does one get of the end of Doll Tearsheet? In addition to the reference to her, what facts point to the increasing degradation of the group?

14. What does Mrs. Quickly say about the cause of Falstaff's illness? How does this incite to a higher regard for the knight?

15. How do the companions of Falstaff judge the King for his treatment of the knight?

16. How in Sc. ii. are the conspirators detected? Is this event presented in a manner adequate to its dramatic possibilities?

17. How are mercy and justice exhibited in contrast?

18. What opportunities for disloyalty had been offered to the three conspirators?

19. What is your impression of the sermon Henry reads to them?

20. On what ground does he base his reasons for their condemnation?

21. How is Bardolph affected by the death of Falstaff?

22. Comment on the pathos of Hostess Quickly's account of Falstaff's end.

23. What Psalm has been suggested as the subject of Falstaff's words when, as Mrs. Quickly said, *a' babbled of green fields?*

24. What is Falstaff's last witticism on Bardolph? What is Bardolph's reply? Have you discovered any higher trait in Bardolph than his affection for his master?

25. Had Shakespeare promised that Sir John should appear in this play? What probably induced him to leave the knight out?

26. Is the effect of pathos more moving than if Falstaff's death had been enacted before the eyes of the spectator?

27. What is contributed to the action by Sc. iv.? What is the attitude of the French towards the invading army? What serves to increase the impression of their fatuousness?

ACT THIRD.

28. What is foretold by the Prologue? How is the undramatic nature of the play apologized for?

29. How does Shakespeare describe the frenzy of war in Sc. i.?

30. What faint echo does one get of Falstaff in the speech of the Boy, Sc. ii., lines 12, 13?

31. What view of Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol does the Boy furnish?

32. What second set of humorous characters are brought upon the scene? What is the idiosyncrasy of Fluellen? Is there shown in the Welshman, the Scotsman, and the Irishman a differentiation of national traits?

33. What new picture of the horrors of war is given in Henry's speech (Sc. iii.) before the gates of Harfleur?

34. Where is the pusillanimity of the Dauphin first shown?

35. Indicate the implication of the lesson in English pursued by Katharine in Sc. iv. Has there been any preparation for this Scene? Critics have sometimes regarded this as silly; what impression does the Scene make upon you?

36. How is the Frenchman's misapprehension of England shown in Sc. v.? Who of the French is not deceived as to the English?

37. Why does Shakespeare introduce a long list of French nobles who are to be sent into action? Where is the correlative of this Scene?

38. By what means did Pistol succeed in deceiving Fluellen as to his valour? What does this reveal of Fluellen?

39. Why would Fluellen not speak in behalf of Bardolph?

40. How is Henry made to condemn another of his old associates? For what was Bardolph hanged?

41. What is the effect of the message (Sc. vi.) Montjoy brings to Henry immediately upon Fluellen's account of the results of the action at the bridge?

42. Speak of some qualities of the French displayed in Sc. vii. What is the attitude of the Constable of France towards the Dauphin? What is the characteristic temper of the Constable of France?

ACT FOURTH.

43. Comment on the philosophic tendencies of Henry's mind as seen at the beginning of Sc. i. Judging from this and earlier Scenes, do you think he sees clearly into facts?

44. What is argued of Henry's popularity that Pistol felt no disposition to disparage him behind his back? How is Pistol's degradation foreshadowed?

45. What is Fluellen's hobby? Does the King rightly apprehend (line 85) the cause of Fluellen's solicitude?

46. State the propositions concerning the loyalty of the subject and the responsibility of the King that Bates and Williams lay before Henry.

47. Does Henry in his long reply miss the main point of their question and argue only its corollary? Do the soldiers perceive his fallacy?

48. What is the real motive for the quarrel between Henry and Williams?

49. Have not the soldiers a higher conception of the kingly responsibility, though only partially apprehended, than Henry shows in the poetical soliloquy that follows the withdrawal of the soldiers? Does Henry revert to some of his pre-kingly prejudices in these words? How is his temper similar to his father's?

50. What new reflection moves him to the final invocation?

51. Note the effect of Sc. ii. in showing two points of view among the French forces. Define them.

52. What is the tenour of Henry's harangue in Sc. iii.? Is any colour lent to it by the reflections in Sc. i.?

53. How does the speech of Henry towards the end of Sc. iii. complete the impression of the inequalities of the forces in the impending conflict? On the other hand, how is the feeling of English success assured?

54. Why is there no battle-scene in a play that chiefly concerns itself with the glorification of battle? What is the satirical purpose (Sc. iv.) of the scene between Pistol and the French soldier? What additional stroke is provided by the Boy in the closing speech of the Scene?

55. Does Sc. v. arouse a feeling of sympathy for the French? How does Shakespeare depict them in disaster?

56. What was the probable fate of the Boy? How is the last mention made of Falstaff?

57. By what methods does the mind of Fluellen work?

58. How is the quarrel of Henry and Williams disposed of?

59. In the numbering of *the slaughter'd French* (Sc. viii.) how many of those designated by the French king for battle were found among the killed?

60. What impression do you derive of Henry's religiosity in his thanks after the battle? Does the dramatist so exhibit the facts of the story as to lead the spectator to take the same point of view that Henry does? If not, what is the irony intended by this character?

Questions

ACT FIFTH.

61. How do Pistol and Fluellen reach the consummation of their respective courses in Sc. i.?

62. How is France pictured after the ravages of war? What is the principal item in the terms of peace proposed by Henry?

63. Has Henry before (Sc. ii.) been presented in any attitude of relationship to women? How does he bear himself as a lover? Is Katharine carried by storm? Does the dramatist wish to point the fact that brutal sincerity is admired especially by the most delicate of women?

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64. In the strict sense, is *Henry V.* a play? How would you describe it?

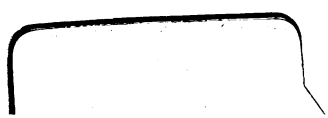
65. Had Shakespeare any purpose such as exhibiting the mental limitations of that class to whom military achievement and fame are necessary and all-sufficient?

66. How may King Henry be viewed as a foil to Hamlet? Which was nearer the heart of the Poet?

67. To what degree does Henry possess the following qualities: courage, pity, piety, sentiment, delicacy, melancholy?

68. In what respects does he differ from the Prince Hal of *Henry IV.* In his habits of life, freedom of intercourse, does he suggest the earlier life?

69. Does Shakespeare produce an effect of pity and terror in the fates he assigns to the Eastcheap group?

70. Compare Fluellen as a humorous creation with Glendower of *Henry IV.*

71. Mention some passages especially notable for poetic fervour; some that exhibit extraordinary powers of observation.